Saturday Night

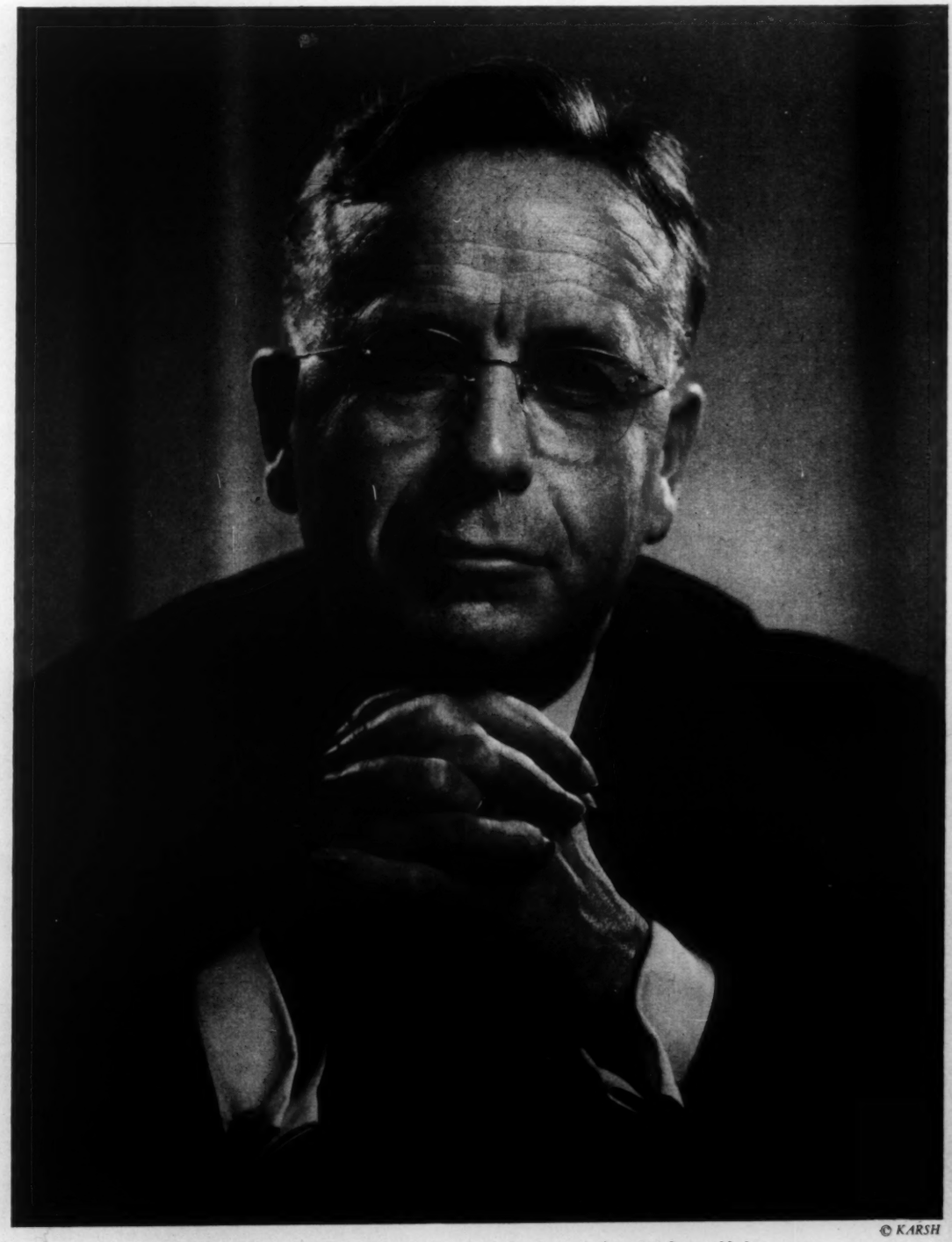
March 21, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Justice Minister Garson, in the picture to the right, appears to be a thoughtful and troubled man. If he is thinking of the part he played as leading spokesman of the Federal Government in the debate on the Emergency Powers Act, he has every reason to be troubled. He was trying, however clumsily, to defend a piece of legislation conceived in fear, sustained by men jealous of power, and alien to every concept of responsible government.

Mr. Garson tried to explain why the Cabinet needed the power to pass secret orders which could affect the liberties of every Canadian, and he had a difficult time of it. This is no criticism of his persuasive abilities; the most plausible advocate possible could not make a good case for the Emergency Powers Act at this time. Only the most indifferent and apathetic could concede to a handful of men the right to make decisions which would limit individual freedom and to withhold knowledge of those decisions from Parliament and the people.

The debate revealed that at least one secret order had been passed, and that leaders of the Opposition parties had been told about it only after



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HON. STUART GARSON, Minister of Justice: A thoughtful, troubled man.

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it had the effect of law. We can assume that these gentlemen saw no threat to our freedom in that order, but we can do nothing more because we have no certain knowledge; and we can only assume that the Prime Minister and his Cabinet always will tell the other party leaders about these secret decisions. We cannot be sure; we can only trust in their good faith. Undoubtedly Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Garson and the others are men of good faith, but there is no guarantee that their judgment never fails or that they do not share the same failings as other mortals.

The Government needs these great powers because Canada now faces "a very serious emergency of apprehended war," the Justice Minister told Parliament. He must have been a troubled man when he said that, because he was describing a condition which has existed since the end of World War II and may continue for many years to come. It may be that emergency living has become our normal state, but this would be no reason to mortgage our liberties for an indefinite period, and Mr. Garson should know better than most people how muddled the title to a forgotten property can be.

There was no conviction in Mr. Garson's words. Nor could there be. Not so many months ago Mr. St. Laurent was saying there seemed to be some easing of international tension, and just a week before Mr. Garson spoke, Finance Minister Abbott found the situation so encouraging he could reduce taxes by $361 million.

The Government may have the power to imprison a man without trial, to forbid public discussion of certain subjects, to clamp our economic life under rigid controls, to use thought-police. We do not know. We cannot know as long as there are Emergency Powers. All we can do is hope and pray no such secret orders exist, until we can restore to the Government its sense of responsibility to Parliament and the people.

Fumble by Dr. Sneh

WE DON'T feel sorry for Dr. Moshe Sneh, but we can understand his confusion. He was kicked out of Israel's Mapam party for defending the method and purpose of the recent espionage trials in Prague, in which most of the defendants were Jews. A few days later, the full transcript of the Prague evidence showed that Dr. Sneh himself was accused of heading a "Zionist spy ring." This was his cue to go into the confession routine, of course, but he fumbled badly; all he said was that a mistake must have been made, and that he still believed in Socialist justice. We fear that his career as an exponent of "Socialist" doctrine will not be brilliant or long.

Lovely and Shrewd

MRS. JOHN Coulter is a toothsome dish, as those who know her as Constance Bennett will agree. But don't let that fragile look fool you, because it's the window-dressing for plenty of shrewdness.

We dropped around to pay our respects to Miss Bennett, who has been playing in George Batson's comedy, *I Found April*, this week at Toronto's Royal Alexandra theatre. She was toying with a mass of tissue paper.

"Here, hold this a minute," she said, and we gingerly grasped a corner of the paper. "I'm designing a dress. Between acting and home-making, I've just got time for one sideline now, and I like dress designing." There were other sidelines? "Oh yes, I used to manufacture cosmetics—lipstick, rouge, face powder and a cleansing cream for removing make-up. Bought the formula from a chemist, who made it up specially for me, because I have a tender skin. That was before the war. Then we couldn't get jars and things and I gave it up. Right now the stuff is being manufactured under somebody else's management for distribution in South America."

Mast, N.Y.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: Dress designing, interior decorating.

Her dress designing is a profitable sideline. The dresses do not appear on sale in any store, but are sold by a Cincinnati firm. She brings out four or five new designs each season.

"It's fun," she said. "So is interior decorating. I just found out. My husband — he's an Air Force colonel — was transferred to the Pentagon, and I went to Washington with no time to be choosy. The house I found had broken plaster and a collapsing ceiling, but I had to get a roof over my children's heads" — the children are three daughters, Lorinda (14), Patricia (11) and Gyl (10)— "and the roof had to be near the Pentagon. I plastered it myself and mixed the paints, too. I worked out a combination of beige and grey and called it 'greige'. I stenciled gold lattice-work over the archway leading into the dining-room, and I got a lovely old French barometer in gold for the wall space alongside the archway. It looked awfully good."

We tried to steer the conversation into less domestic channels, mentioning some of the many films and plays in which Miss Bennett has starred. But she would have none of it. "I'm homesick, of course," she said. "I pattern my life after my father's" — Richard Bennett, matinee idol of another era — "and when I went to Europe I took the girls with me. My sisters, Joan and Barbara, and I went to school in Switzerland or Germany or France, wherever we'd be fairly close to father. We learned to speak French and German fluently. We never thought the world revolved around us, as children can be led to do by over-indulgent parents."

We never did get around to the films and plays.

One Man is Dead

DURING THE couple of weeks since the death of Joseph Stalin, we have heard it said time and again that "things should be better now", as if the passing of one man was all that was needed to put the world to rights. We cannot share this enthusiasm.

The death of Stalin removed from the world one evil man; but the evil that he helped so much to strengthen and spread did not die with him, and there are others who are well equipped to carry on his work. Despite the hysterical adulation of his followers, Stalin was just a piece of mortal flesh, but the creeping rot that is Communism lives on. Stalin was the living symbol; now Communist propaganda will strive to make the same sort of symbol of his successor, Malenkov.

What too many of us fail to understand is that the men who get to the top in Communism must of necessity be brutal, ruthless and evil, because Communism is the sort of system which not only breeds such men but must be controlled and directed by them. It is a system which destroys the morals and the mind, and places a premium on cunning and savagery.

All we can expect of Malenkov and his colleagues is that they will be more or less savage and cunning than Stalin was. If they decide to be more approachable, more friendly, it will be because they see some advantage for the Soviet in such a course, not because they are impelled by any deep regard for humanity.

Just because Stalin is dead, we have no reason to believe that Communists will abandon their cherished doctrine that they must govern the world, or that they will give up their efforts to make that doctrine a reality.

Confusion Compounded

THERE ARE some things which are better left alone, such as that horrible phrase embedded in the grey clay of legal prose, "and/or". Representative John Bell, a well-meaning member of the Georgia House of Representatives, persuaded his fellow legislators in Atlanta to pass a bill approving the substitution of a new word, "andor", for and/or.

According to the report from Atlanta, and/or can be used for "either", "or", "both" as well as and/or. Apparently it means "and or or" and "and and or". Not only do we find confusion compounded, but we tremble at the thought of what a typographical error could do. If "andor", for example, intruded between the party of the first part and the party of the second part, there is no telling how many generations of lawyers would live off the results.

Silly Amendment

BY THIS TIME, members of the Senate committee studying the matter may have made up their minds about an amendment to the Citizenship Act which would require aliens to have an "adequate" knowledge of English or French before being granted citizenship. It is not the kind of thing that needs lengthy consideration, but is a bit of arrant nonsense which never should have reached the Senate in the first place.

What is "adequate" knowledge? Senator Roebuck explained, when the amendment was placed before his colleagues, that the definition would have to be made by the judge considering the applications. This would

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result in as many definitions as there are judges; and perhaps more, because each judge could revise his opinions from one citizenship court to the next. Thus aliens in Sherbrooke or Moose Jaw might find it much more difficult to become citizens than their brethren in Orillia or Three Rivers.

The amendment does more than suggest inequality in justice, however. It suggests that all citizens of Canada have an adequate knowledge of English or French. If "adequate" in this case means being able to carry on with a fair degree of intelligibility the conversation required for routine living, then the suggestion is sound; but if it means being able to express desires and ideas in clear grammatical language, a large part of the population must be considered unfit for citizenship—probably much the greater part, if we are to take the word of professors examining first-year students in our universities.

There is still another weakness in the amendment. It assumes that the prospective citizens, having learned enough English or French to satisfy the judge, will continue their efforts to master the language and become glib Canadians overnight. If citizenship were a mere matter of language, all would be well; but it is much more than that.

If any thought had been given the subject, there would not have been an amendment; instead there would have been some constructive proposal for helping the immigrants understand our ways, our customs and our ideals, in addition to our languages.

Property Taxation

MOST TAXES are related in some way to a person's ability to earn money. Income tax is a direct levy, and sales and excise taxes have a hazy sort of tie-up with the idea that people who can afford to buy luxuries can spare a little more for a hungry Government. There is one tax, however, which might be called a levy on pride: the municipal system of assessments.

There are almost as many ways of assessing the value of a house as there are assessors. We knew a rural assessor, some years ago, who followed the simplest method; any building in which people lived was a house, and whether it contained four rooms or forty, the assessment was the same. But whatever the system, the general factors considered by municipal officials who decide how much the owner must pay are the size, age and condition of the house.

What happens in most communities is that the householder who takes pride in his property must pay more than his shiftless neighbor, because the well-kept house is considered a more valuable property than the run-down one beside it. The two owners get exactly the same services from the municipality in return for their taxes — even though one pays more than the other.

It does not matter that the house-proud person helps to make the community a more pleasant place, or that he may earn less money than the man whose home ruins the look of a good street. All that matters to the assessor is appearance.

The man who lives in a mansion can, and should, pay more than the man in a six-room bungalow. But most municipalities get the bulk of their revenues from the bungalows, not the mansions. Municipal officials, who have been doing a lot of talking about the unfair division of tax revenues, must give their own archaic methods much closer scrutiny if their complaints are to get serious consideration.

Technology in Kabul

PROGRESS NOTE: educators of the United Nations Educational, Social and Cultural Organization have saved students in Kabul, Afghanistan, a lot of time by plugging their old reed pens with wax in such a fashion that one filling lasts for two or three pages of writing. Before the arrival of UNESCO, the pens had to be dipped in ink for every two or three characters of Arabic or Persian script. The Kabul students now can look forward to the day when the ingenious UN authorities will provide them with reed pens which will write under water.

Moral Standards

VANCOUVER'S Magistrate McInnes, who did his bit to safeguard the city's morals by ruling that *Tobacco Road* was an obscene play, and likely to destroy the innocence of the good people there, said in his judgment: "If the play was allowed in other areas, it was because it conformed to the moral standards of the areas, and where it was banned, it was because it did not conform."

The play ran for years in New York, for seven months in Toronto, and for varying periods in a dozen countries abroad. So it looks as if the righteous are indeed a small minority, centred in one city on the West Coast, and the rest of us are a pretty hardened lot.

There is always the possibility, of course, that Magistrate McInnes and the Vancouver police think their fellow citizens are more susceptible to lewd suggestion than people elsewhere.

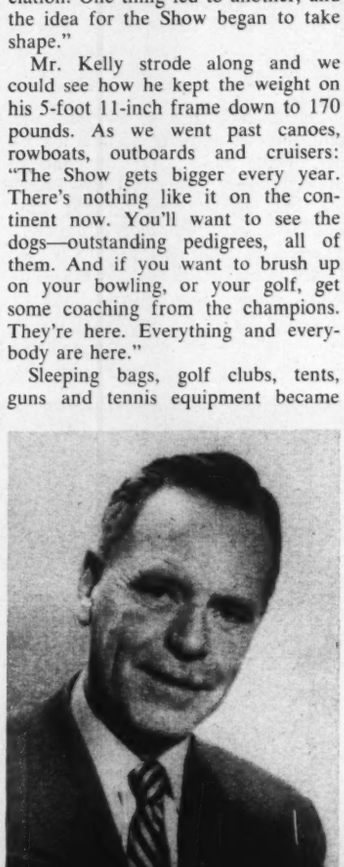
Conservation's the Idea

THERE HAVE been times during the last two days when we have wished that Loyal M. Kelly had stuck to the job of being an executive in an advertising agency. This is a result of visiting the Canadian National Sportsmen's Show, which has been taking up the space at the Coliseum in Toronto since last Friday (the 13th). The Coliseum was full of things designed for the pleasures of field, stream, highway and lake—and for setting the minds of the office-bound a-wandering. The success of the show is largely the fault of Mr. Kelly, who has been its general manager since it began in 1948.

"The idea back of this is conservation," Mr. Kelly said as he piloted us past fishing lures, rods and other tackle. "The Toronto Anglers' and Hunters' Association needed funds for its conservation program. That was back in 1946, when Frank Kortright became President of the Association. One thing led to another, and the idea for the Show began to take shape."

Mr. Kelly strode along and we could see how he kept the weight on his 5-foot 11-inch frame down to 170 pounds. As we went past canoes, rowboats, outboards and cruisers: "The Show gets bigger every year. There's nothing like it on the continent now. You'll want to see the dogs—outstanding pedigrees, all of them. And if you want to brush up on your bowling, or your golf, get some coaching from the champions. They're here. Everything and everybody are here."

Sleeping bags, golf clubs, tents, guns and tennis equipment became



Loyal M. Kelly

part of the kaleidoscope of our tour. "D'you see the swimmers? Terrific, that synchronized duet. And it's all more than just a show, remember. It's conservation we've got to keep plugging. All these things are the tools for having a good, healthy time out in the open. But if there are no fish in the water and no game in the fields and forests, what's the point?"

Comrade Grifter

OUR GREETINGS go this week to Comrades Kruglov and Vakin, two estimable Russians who have restored our faith in human nature. Reading translations of *Pravda* and other Soviet newspapers during recent years, we had looked in vain for the items which keep city editors in this part of the world from taking their own lives or becoming hermits—the plane crashes, the murder trials, the strikes. None of these in the Soviet press, only long, turgid statements of party policies and heavy-handed exhortations to party workers; until recently, that is.

Now the Russian editors have been told to give more attention to evil-doers. And we learn, with great relief, that while Communism may be able to change a lot of things, it has made no great headway against the human instinct to make a fast though tainted rouble. We had feared that the Communist state had managed to nationalize corruption and collectivize crime, but we had forgotten that the grifter, always a rugged individualist, is a persistent type.

Comrade Kruglov, for instance, walked into the Volkhovysk district party headquarters and said he had come to make a check-up. He was wined, dined and shown the secret files; he called meetings of party activists and gave them pep-talks; then he went away. Some time later, dismayed officials found out that Kruglov was known to the police as an old hand at the confidence game.

Comrade Vakin was chief engineer of the Dnepropetrovsk water and sewage trust. He left suddenly one day, and so did over a million roubles. Police stepped in, and only then did they find that Comrade Vakin was the same man who had been outlawed for sabotage when he was director of the Odessa water trust during World War II.

It looks as if the Russian editors are due for more fun than they've had in a long, long time.

Optimistic Mr. Gardiner

THINGS ARE rosy down on the farm these days. Production is rising steadily, there are no bothersome surpluses, there are markets to spare, prices are going up and up and so is the farmer's income. At least, that's the way Agriculture Minister Gardiner described the situation to Parliament the other day.

Perhaps the farmers who have complained during recent weeks — hog and beef producers, dairy men, beet growers and some others—are chronic grousers or greedy people.

The people who have the most to fear from Mr. Gardiner's optimism, however, are those who together pay for the intricate manner in which the Minister of Agriculture gets rid of surpluses and holds up prices on the domestic market. A typical deal was the one he engineered when an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease caused the United States to put an embargo on imports of cattle from Canada. Britain had been buying beef from New Zealand at a price much lower than that asked by Canada, but the British agreed to a three-way switch: Britain would buy Canadian beef at New Zealand prices, Canada would sell Britain the beef that normally would be marketed in the United States, the New Zealand beef would be sold in the United States by Canada. It has been a costly bit of business for Canada.

The Minister of Agriculture has another happy way of making a surplus disappear: he persuades the Government to buy what cannot be sold.

It is a curious way of doing things, and doubtless justifies Mr. Gardiner's optimistic view of surpluses, markets, and so on. It will be successful as long as the taxpayers are numbed.

Letters

Divorce Laws

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, W. Kent, Power, Q.C., takes a cynical attitude toward our divorce laws. If we were truly civilised there would not be any need for any such laws because we would all consider marriage a sacred institution. The Lord has laid down the law to govern marriage and it is our duty to obey.

Halifax CLARA ROWLEY

. . . Mr. Power takes far too limited a view of divorce . . . The belief that the marriage ceremony is anything more than a biological contract is a myth. The ceremony itself needs drastic revision. A man and a woman, who get married, are merely agreeing to a contract which should decide what financial arrangements are necessary in return for services rendered by one party to the other. When either one decides that the partnership thus established is not satisfactory, they should be able to end the contract with a minimum of fuss and bother.

Winnipeg STANTON DAVIES

Culture and TV

I THINK Mr. Sedgwick's article on Television was grossly unfair to the CBC. There are many strong arguments against the reports of such bodies as the Massey Commission, but when Mr. Sedgwick tries to bolster those arguments with statistics on who watches what on TV, he weakens his case.

Buffalo had an established audience in Toronto and adjacent points. Buffalo can also take the pick of many TV programs. The CBC had to come in cold, with comparatively little big-name talent, and try to take that audience away from Buffalo. If Canadians were less starry-eyed over highly publicized U.S. entertainers, the CBC would have much more of that audience. The answer doesn't lie in culture, or lack of it, but in the second-rate attitude of too many Canadians toward their compatriots.

Toronto STANLEY LIPPERT

There are many objections to Joseph Sedgwick's article. . .

It is a fallacy to think that just because a man is a success in the business world, he is competent to handle all the problems which face a nation. If I were sick, I would not expect to be cured by a man who had no medical knowledge but had managed to accumulate a million dollars. Television, like radio, is not a commodity which can be bought and sold across a counter; it is a creative thing, touching the hearts and minds of millions. For that reason, it is well that there was only one "man of business" on the Massey Commission.

Mr. Sedgwick must know what would happen if the CBC handed TV over to the entrepreneurs. All we would get would be canned material, largely from the United States—old shows, ancient movies, tired comedy, and the crudest sort of advertising. There are five or six good shows on American TV, but the others are no better, and generally worse, than the CBLT programs. The CBC has done much better in its first months than the U.S. networks during their first months of operation. . .

Oakville J. W. JONES

The article by Joseph Sedgwick on the Massey Commission and Television was too biased to be of any value . . . Mr. Sedgwick would like to see us all brought down to the lowest common denominator, and you must admit, that is pretty low.

I am not a "culture hound", but after going to the expense of putting Television in my home, I want to see something that stimulates and entertains me. Most of the claptrap from Buffalo does neither; there is more stimulation and entertainment in a comic book (God help us!) than in the average telecast from the United States.

Toronto FREDERICK WILLIAMSON

Mr. Sedgwick deserves some sort of award. The Massey Commission was the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on a lusty, growing nation. The professional culture-vultures are trying to make us old and grey before our time . . .

Windsor, Ont. FRANK LINDSTROM

The CBC and its supporters talk at great length about what we should listen to and look at, but they always duck the obvious truth that people will only accept what they like . . . . We do not want things shoved down our throats.

Toronto L. N. CRANBROOK

Culture grows out of the life of a people; it cannot be grafted on. The Massey culture is an alien growth anyway, foreign to Canadian ways and temperament . . . And however much you argue, you cannot get away from the cold figures: people like the Buffalo programs in general, few like the Toronto programs . . .

Toronto JAMES MILLMAN

Plea for Pensioners

IT IS ABOUT time some journal (like yours) did some talking about the gross failure of Government authorities to recognize the plight of pensioners and disabled persons. Just a few days ago I was reading in the newspaper that many Mounties who retired on pension still are expected to live on just $75 a month. This is only one instance of the injustice being done to people in the same position. Men who are drawing full Workmen's Compensation are only a little better off. How is anyone these days expected to live on $80-$100 monthly? In many of our large cities, this amount barely covers rent, and what is left would not buy even a few scraps of bread.

Another instance is the cruelty of Governments toward the blind. If I am not mistaken, this matter was brought up in the House of Commons, but was quickly dropped, because not enough members wanted to talk about it. Of course, there are not enough votes among the blind people to be really attractive to Parliament.

Edmonton WILFRED JAMES

Good Driving Habits

YOUR EDITORIAL entitled "Traffic and Education" in your issue of March 3 cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. You are correct in stating that "lack of knowledge is not the main reason for the daily blood-letting in traffic accidents . . . ," but you missed the main point when you failed to state that good driving is the result of acquiring the correct driving habits, i. e., obeying the laws, signs and courtesies of the road. Youngsters who do not acquire good habits through competent instruction when they are learning to drive are likely to do little to improve our appalling accident rate. Is there anything wrong in having our schools teach good driving habits? Here in British Columbia it has been found that instructed drivers have had lower accident rates than their uninstructed brothers.

Hope, B.C. E. OLSEN

It's a Crime

I ENJOYED your March 7 issue and I think the new lay-out is excellent. I was very much surprised, however, to find such a cynical article as "Prefabricated Society Crime" by John B. Kennedy in a publication of such a high standard. The writing, I admit, was amusing and brisk but I choked on such statements as "these periodic eruptions of civic virtue provide passing sensations but little else" and "cops may come and cops may go, but vice continues its corrupting way to be sporadically checked but never choked by police". If this is to be our attitude toward crime, then we had better hand over justice to the criminals now, for they shall inherit the earth anyway.

Crime should be constantly attacked and not complacently accepted.

London, Ont. A. F. PAWSON

Union Man Replies

A CORRESPONDENT (March 7), who apparently is a food producer, viciously attacks the railway unions. In the same issue, your Ottawa Letter states "the Canadian taxpayer will have to foot a nice heavy bill for the Government's ingenious plan to keep the goodwill of the producers of livestock".

Apparently it is a crime for a workingman to get a few cents added to his pay—and not at the expense of the government—but it is perfectly all right for the government to throw away millions of dollars just to keep the farmers happy and without bringing down food prices one bit. The farmers, with their prices jealously guarded by provincial and Federal governments, are living off the fat of the land and have been for the last ten years. Do they resent anyone else getting a little of the gravy?

North Bay, Ont. GERALD REED

Election Conceded

THE WHOLE tone of political comment recently is that the Liberal Government has made a terrible mess of things, but the people are too stupid to recognize the fact. Could it be that the Liberals, after all, have not made such a mess, that the people are not so stupid, and that the commentators are the ones who are in a fog?

The political soothsayers talk very solemnly about the chances of the Progressive Conservatives, and how they could win if they get so many seats in Quebec. They are talking about delusions of grandeur. Thank goodness, the people and not the commentators (and this applies to you, too) are the ones who elect Governments. The Liberals have kept this country in good shape for nearly 20 years now, and there is every reason to expect that they will do the same thing for 20 more. The prophecies about the Conservatives are amusing, but they bear no relation to fact.

Hull, Que. JOSEPH LAJEUNESSE

Not by Jesuits

THERE WAS an error in the otherwise excellent article "Letter From New York" by Anthony West in your February 14 issue.

Commonweal is not run by the Jesuits; it is run by a group of Catholic laymen in New York and was founded as a lay journal by a native Nova Scotian, Michael Williams.

The Jesuits do publish an intellectual weekly, also from New York, called *America*. In a sense it is the chief competitor of *Commonweal*, as both journals are circulated widely among educated readers in the U.S. and Canada.

It is true, however, that the articles exposing crime on the New York waterfront appeared in the *Commonweal*.

Sydney, N.S. D. HUGH GILLIS

Canadian Wines

I WOULD like to reply to a letter titled "Cheese and Wine," signed by H. N. Brown. Mr. Brown chides the Canadian cheese and wine industries for the use of generic names to describe the products they are selling. We cannot speak for the cheese industry, but Mr. Brown may rest assured that every bottle of Canadian wine proudly carries the word "Canadian" in easily-read letters on the label. This word prefaces the type of wine offered . . .

Canadian wines have, since 1950, been awarded 11 medals and citations in international competitions held in European capitals and at Sacramento, Calif.

Toronto K. G. ARMSTRONG

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in buckskin, a fine English 100% Wool, uses the cardigan neckline for a cool open look. Add a stole for twice the smartness . . . for the many wonderful ways you wear it. Aqua, ice blue, yellow, pastel green. Sizes 12 to 18.

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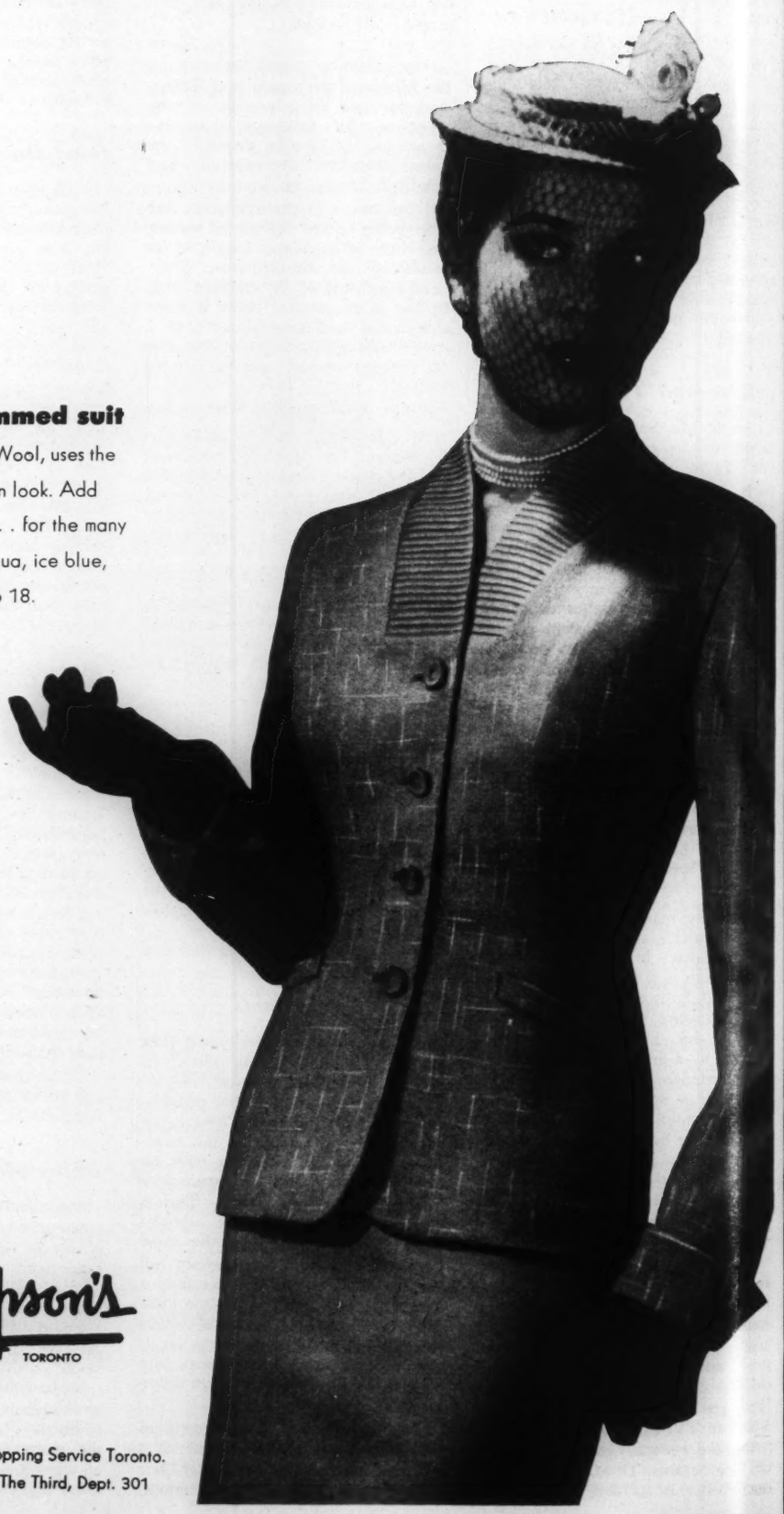

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What Is This Creature, The Canadian?

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

Canadian Press

NO COLOR, NO FLAIR? Mayor Don MacKay of Calgary who, dressed in a cowboy outfit, rode a horse into Toronto's Royal York Hotel.

THE LAND of Canada was discovered by John Cabot in 1497. He didn't think highly of it. The economic system of Canada was discovered by Wall Street in 1952 when the Canadian dollar became more valuable than the American. The people of Canada, however, have never been discovered to this day.

Canada gets along fine with its friends by pretending to be something it is not. We Canadians have long perpetrated a solemn and innocent hoax upon the world. It's high time someone told the truth about us.

Everybody has read about the great Canadian boom, the unexampled prodigy of 14,000,000 people who, in less than a century of national life, have created a leading industrial nation that is the world's fourth largest international trader, the United States' chief customer and supplier, and have established the second highest living standard ever known.

Any foreign economist can measure these things. No foreigners and few Canadians have measured a much more interesting product: the Canadian creature. The big news story from Canada is not the boom; it is the story of adventure, change and discovery within the Canadian himself.

Something decisive and irrevocable has lately occurred behind the northern silence. It will profoundly affect the whole future of North America. In this inarticulate country a new race has emerged, distinct and recognizable among the family of mankind. Canada has just crossed the watershed of its life. The creature who has made this passage will be an important member of the human family, not necessarily through any special virtue or genius of his own but because he happens to possess in abundance the raw stuff of power and knows how to use it. He knows everything of importance to his purpose except himself.

Most foreign observers have written that the Canadian is a likeable fellow, honest, competent, practical. They add that he is respectable, decorous, humorless and Arctic. He has little emotion and no color. You can hardly distinguish him from the American except by his relative silence.

The Canadian agrees. In his books, magazines and newspapers he is constantly saying the same thing. He listens to local prophets who lament the dullness of their race, erect a national inferiority complex and pronounce Canada a good second-best. Canadians are nothing like that, thank God, and never have been.

The first prime minister of Canada, its chief architect and the most accurate image of its nature was John A. Macdonald. He was practical. He was able. He was a political genius and a formidable figure in North American history.

Now observe how dull, colorless, humorless and Arctic this typical Canadian was. He once toured the United States as a musical accompanist to a dancing bear; twice attempted duels with his political enemies; sprayed Derby Day crowds in London with a pea shooter and bags of flour; kept a box of his dead child's toys always beside him; boasted that the public preferred him drunk to his critics sober; and acted a riotous public comedy to hide the bitter tragedy of his life.

Our latest and most successful specimen was William Lyon Mackenzie King, a soft and somber little person, also a political genius, who governed Canada for more than two decades up to 1948 and became the grey, lusterless emblem of the nation. The world concluded, when the Canadian people accepted the leadership of a man who never made a jest, committed an indiscretion, coined a phrase or struck an attitude in public, that they must have little imagination, spark or passion themselves.

Yet King, this most representative of modern Canadians, so demure, insipid and conventional in public, was all the while communing secretly with spirits in the other world; was infatuated with lucky numbers; would never do anything important, if he could help it, except when the hands of the clock were momentarily in a straight line; voraciously devoured rich food; and hung in his bathroom a placard advising his guests to keep their digestive tracts in order.

Colorless? The man was a chameleon, but as a Canadian he pretended to be merely a statesman.

In that same misleading fashion, our politics remain monotonous and drab. A Speaker of the House of Commons in Ottawa, seeing rabbits on the lawns of Parliament, pots them with a rifle through the window. A noted politician, annoyed by the tiresome speech of a prime minister at a public banquet, interrupts him with blasts on a mechanical moose call.

A celebrated Canadian official defends the honor of his country in Washington by drinking the best after-dinner athletes of Russia under the table and walks home, quite steadily, at six a.m., carrying a shattered colleague. One of our statesmen falls into a deep alcoholic slumber and, through the whimsical arrangements of his companions, awakes with a scream on an undertaker's slab.

Dull men — no color, no flair.

Our minor politicians are equally solemn. The mayor of the cattle city of Calgary, bringing a football team to Toronto, enters the plush Royal York Hotel in a cowboy outfit, on horseback. The Mayor of Moose Jaw claims the pillow-fighting championship of Saskatchewan. The Mayor of Magog, Quebec, parachutes into a river as public apology for some slight mistake in judgment.

MANY of our businessmen display the same dignity. A millionaire bachelor and woman hater is found in death to have willed his fortune to the Canadian woman (married or otherwise) who bears the most children, with a special bequest of shares in a race track to clergymen who abhor gambling. A member of a renowned publishing family invariably hires two taxies, one for himself and the other to carry his walking stick, and once he disguised himself as a French butler, with a massive beard, to serve his dinner guests. Another newspaper publisher maintains a crawling mechanical spider on his desk and a toy cannon to shoot pellets at visitors.

Canadian-born pipers turn up in kilts at every public festival and induce a Scottish frenzy in citizens who have never been nearer to Scotland than Medicine Hat. Immigrant peoples among us seize every chance to perform their native ceremonies in native costumes, and the Doukhobors parade without any costumes at all. The whole nation enters a period of acute delirium at the opening of the hockey and curling season and remains demented until the spring thaw. Common honesty forces us to abandon the flattering notion that we are models of propriety.

The Canadian creature, it must be admitted, is a little mad, with a shrewd method in his madness. He always has been, or he would never have attempted to build this nation in the first place against the laws of geography, climate, economics, racial division and common sense.

The Canadian is proud of this magnificent inherited lunacy and he disguises it, not because he is ashamed of it but for practical reasons. Those reasons explain why the Canadian is inwardly so different from the American, whom he resembles outwardly.

The Canadian has always worn a deliberate disguise to hide the split in his personality. The Canadian is two men in ceaseless struggle with each other. That, and not a slight difference in accent, habits or government, is what distinguishes the Canadian from the American, who is one man.

The Canadian, unlike his neighbor to the south, has never cut his roots in the old world; he is forever looking back over his shoulder to his original homeland in Europe. Thus he is always subconsciously torn and wrenched. His public policies in their combined conservatism and radicalism, his democratic society, managed by an old-fashioned hierarchy of power, reflect that ambivalence in his thinking.

The split probably enriches as much as it impoverishes the Canadian, but its tension is hard on the nervous system. At all costs, like any feeling that concerns a man most, it must be hidden before strangers. Hence the beginning of that reticence which the world takes for stolidity.

Canadians have always been between the upper and nether millstones of the United States and Britain, compelled to live with the policies of London without running afoul of Washington, and vice versa. That necessity produced another dominant Canadian trait. Forced to learn the art of conciliation as few people have ever learned it, the Canadian became a master of improvisation, an expert in compromise.

Canada has suffered from another split. For a century after the English

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had conquered Canada in 1759, they supposed they could absorb the French and eliminate their way of life. It took experience to convince both races finally that they must live as a dual culture, neither race dominating or destroying the other.

The Canadian, always aware of his own delicate internal balance between two races, learns to wear a poker face. He does not advertise his difficulties; he quietly works to cure them. If the foreigner mistakes this for dullness, so much the better—it saves explanation, distraction and time. He who walks a tightrope must ignore the spectators and keep his mind on his work.

Up to now the Canadian mind was beset and public policies were conditioned by the fear of internal quarrel, of outside pressure, and above all of the friendly attraction of the United States. Was such a nation, under such strains, with so few people sprinkled over so vast a land, beside a rich and beckoning neighbor, permanently capable of growth and development?

Now for the first time it is safe to report that the long twilight of groping is near its end. Only in the present generation have the Canadian people known beyond doubt that their nation is here to stay. Canada is far stronger for the knowledge of its strength—not merely as a political and economic structure but as a community, a family, a joint attitude to life. That strength is fed by Canada's material growth. It does not come, originally, out of the riches of the land. It comes out of the mind and instincts of the ordinary Canadian.

The Canadian people are obsessed with their land, and therein lies the key to their character. The emptiness of rock and prairie, the bulk of mountains, the great rivers moving to the sea, the crops growing in the hot nights, the silence of snow, the sound of wind in the forest, the savage beauty of this northern land and, most of all, the loneliness which touches every Canadian—these elemental things make up the weather of Canadian life. The culture now beginning to sprout must come primarily out of them.

Canada's nationalism was based on a very simple theory: This country might not be able to surpass or even to equal the achievements of other countries but it could create something unique to meet its own special needs, ambitions and appetite. However, the first physical difficulties of settling the country, and then the schism of the two races, made the outcome of nationalism highly doubtful until a short time ago. In addition to these obstacles Canada faced a friendly giant on its southern flank.

Once the Americans of the United States ceased to menace Canada by force, they became all the more dangerous to a separate Canadian life through the friendly force of their ideas, borne by travel, print, movies, radio and now by television. It was relatively easy to resist the government of England and not too hard to repel invaders from the United States. To resist the subtle penetration of ideas was infinitely harder.

Always there has been a minority in this country who would join the United States. But after one moment of economic despair in 1849, when a movement to this end flourished briefly, political union has never been a practical issue in Canadian politics. Today it has no significant support.

Today Canadians are getting on better than ever with Americans now that the United States' attitude is more understanding and Canada speaks more candidly. The friendship of the world's best neighbors is closer because the differences between the two people are recognized and respected, and neither tries to change the other.

The United States, having abandoned any thought of possessing Canada, has escaped a peck of trouble, for Canada must be one of the hardest countries in the world to manage. To hold in balance the two races and also the conflicting economic zones of the eastern seaboard, the industrial centre and the agrarian prairies, is a feat of equilibrium unmatched in any circus.

Besides, the government always encounters an electorate so ornery and skeptical as to make the American from Missouri look like a babe in arms.

Canadians are suspicious of everything, especially of politics. Most of them never join a political party. There is a general public agreement that the country has been ruinously governed by both political parties—and, in private, a grudging admission that few countries have been governed better, or otherwise Canada would have fallen apart.

Canadian governments are as skeptical as their electors. They make gestures of consistency and fixed principle but they know that both are impossible in this diverse land; they realize that the supreme task of any government is to reconcile discordant elements by sacrifice of its own opinions. Thus our Government operates the largest transportation system on the continent, markets the grain crop, manages the money system—and bitterly denounces Socialism!

In politics, as in all aspects of life, the Canadian does not ask if a policy is consistent: he asks only if it will work. He applies to the greatest affairs the crude test of his grandfather on the frontier. Like his grandfather, he is essentially a private person. He resents it when the government pokes its nose into his personal affairs and he refuses to poke his nose into the personal affairs of his statesmen. Canada's virtue of reticence sometimes becomes its worst vice.

One subject, however, the Canadian people are now debating with an unprecedented and un-Canadian fervor. From Parliament to the country store they ask themselves about themselves and earnestly explore a national character which they have only just discovered. What precisely is the Canadian creature, what are his virtues and defects, how did he get where he is, and where is he going? No one has answered so far.

It can be said with assurance only that the Canada now fully under way began as a dream among lonely men in a harsh land, and is now a force to be considered in all future calculations of North American power.

They Say:

Ottawa Citizen: A professor at Leeds University is reported to have been shocked by the discovery that some twenty-five per cent of a sampling of "normally-educated" boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty did not know that Neville Chamberlain was the British prime minister who went to Munich. The Canadian Press recently received "startling" answers to questionnaires on Canada and England it submitted to twelve-year-old school children in both countries.

Neither case is unusual, let alone shocking or startling. The older generation has always been appalled by the ignorance of the younger one.

Vancouver Sun: You can't legislate anybody into righteousness.

That's what the Rev. J. A. McInnis, moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, means when he says that censorship won't improve Canadian morals.

"The onus is on the church and parents through the process of education and in the higher things such as truth and beauty," declares the moderator.

Decency and morality are internal things. They spring from the heart. "To the pure all things are pure" simply means that if a person's mind is clean, filth can't hurt him.

New York Times: Some of the criticism that recently has been heard of public school education is sound, but some of it stems largely from parents' lack of understanding of what schools are trying to do . . .

The legend of the little red schoolhouse dies hard, and although unquestionably there were red schoolhouses that did their job better than it is done in some classrooms today it is equally certain that today's schools, at the elementary level, are teaching their children the fundamentals equally, if not more, effectively (and far more pleasantly).

Hamilton Spectator: This business of wanting to boycott American comedians from the Canadian National Exhibition because they have made jokes about the British strikes us as footling because: (a) the British have a sense of humor, and (b) you ought to hear the jokes British comedians make about the United States. If the two countries can't kid each other, how can they even understand each other?

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A woman wrote the medical consultant of a Chicago newspaper the other day to ask whether one should sleep with one's head pointed north, as Charles Dickens always recommended. At the risk of being cited for practising medicine without a licence, we say the answer should be yes, in all cases where the feet are pointing south.

Edmonton Journal: Talkies finished the careers of many old-time movie stars without voices. What will three-dimensional films do to those without three dimensions?

Art

Nineteen Artists and a Chair

For the past few years, the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists has included a "special section" with a single theme. This year the theme was a simple Mennonite chair with a woven seat. The artists were told that they "will, of course, be granted the widest possible latitude of style and technique, but are asked to retain in their work sufficient to identify it with the prescribed chair."

Nineteen of Canada's ranking artists accepted the challenge of the chair. They included many past presidents of the OSA and two past presidents of the Royal Canadian Academy. The resulting collection of paintings provides an entertaining and instructive lesson in creative processes, and is a reminder of the artist's right to view nature through the glass of his own personality, rather than passively to reflect it. Exhibitions such as the current OSA show forge a vital link between artist and public.

The unity of the exhibit's theme underlined the variety of styles and temperaments and these, in turn, gave proof of the expanding individuality of the artist in contemporary society. Only in very recent years would it have been possible to hang such a rich assortment of variations on a single theme; for each of the nineteen artists has unmistakably impressed his own personality upon an inanimate object.

Academician Fred Haines interpreted his subject almost, but not quite, literally. Most of the canvases on view, however, show a great deal more than the original chair. William Winter's happy, lushly pigmented portrait glowed near a grey, economical study by Grant Macdonald that was almost religious in its severity. A. J. Casson viewed the chair as the starting point of a scene depicting a Mennonite community. R. York Wilson painted it with his eyes still reflecting the tiled floors and dress of the Canary Island from which he recently returned.

The Royal Canadian Academy's vice-president, L. A. C. Panton turned the wicker seat into an exercise in sombre chords of color. OSA President Sydney Watson extended the chair's height to accommodate a long, narrow panel; and the decorative serenity of Watson's painting provided a graphic foil for Oscar Cahen's violent dismemberment. For the rest, there were chairs that were suspended in mid-air, chairs which multiplied themselves in leggy profusion—in fact, chairs in just about every known style and mood. Andre Bieler, director of Fine Art at Queen's University, even threw in a buxom nude. Altogether, the nineteen chairs on view had more moods than most people.

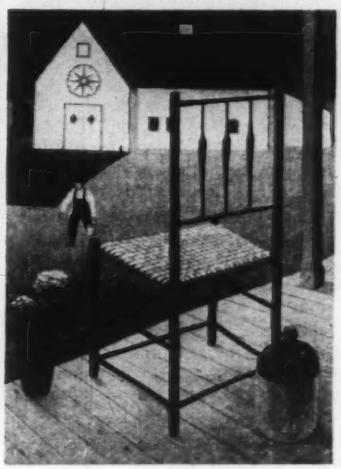
Many first-nighters at the OSA show failed to hide their confusion. "Lord!" exclaimed one gentleman in dignified evening dress, "who would want to sit in *those*?" None of the artists was about to explain to him that the chairs weren't painted as models of utility. They were painted to tell something about how nineteen different men imposed their personalities upon an impersonal object. And that is the business of art: to reveal something about the artist.

PAUL DUVAL

PHOTOGRAPH OF "THE CHAIR"

L. A. C. PANTON, OSA, RCA

PETER HAWORTH, OSA, ARCA

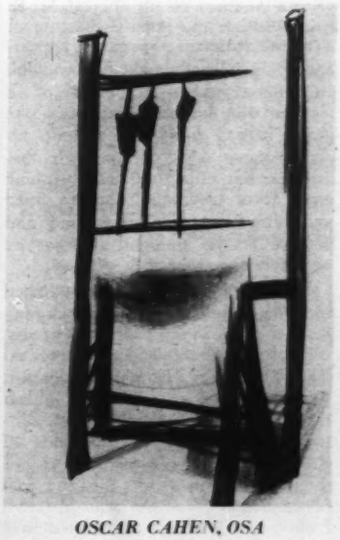


A. J. CASSON, OSA, RCA

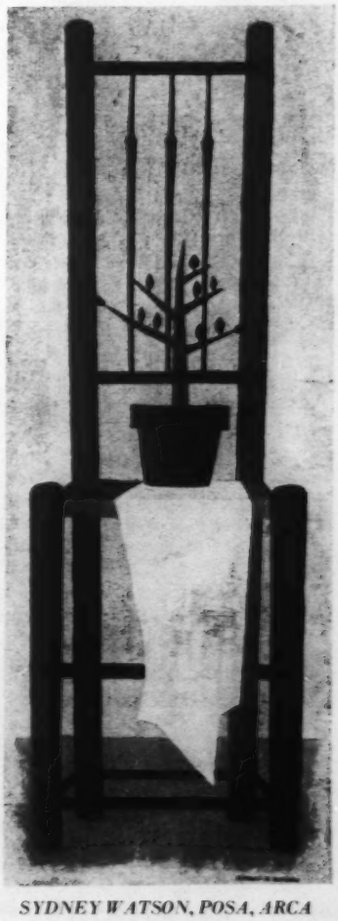
R. YORK WILSON, OSA, RCA

FRED HAINES, OSA, RCA

WILLIAM WINTER, OSA, ARCA



OSCAR CAHEN, OSA



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The Social Scene

Mister Birth Control

IN THE OTTAWA suburb of Eastview on Oct. 21, 1936 a trial got under way in Magistrate Lester Clayton's court, which, in many ways, had broader significance to Canadians than the world-famous Scopes trial in Dayton, Tennessee. A young woman, Dorothea Palmer, had been arrested on the charge of publishing obscene matter, under Section 207 of the Criminal Code. This trial, although now almost forgotten by the Canadian people, brought into the open a subject that had only been whispered about by polite people up to then: contraception. It also brought into the limelight the man whom some Canadians have nicknamed, "Mr. Birth Control".

This man is not a professional social worker, a starry-eyed dreamer, or a member of the medical profession, but a millionaire manufacturer, who since 1929 has made birth control his avocation and his contribution to the Canadian community.

A. R. Kaufman, president and general manager of the A. R. Kaufman Rubber Co. of Kitchener, Ont., and president of Superior Box Co. Ltd., Columbia Development Ltd., and the Preston Springs Sanitarium, is 68 years of age now, and looks after his large business interests every day, but he still retains an unflagging interest in the cause of planned parenthood. He no longer releases figures on the amount of money he has spent on his chosen project, but conservative estimates run to nearly a million dollars.

Individuals who have their eye on a single goal allow it to blind them to everything else, and they become dedicated to it, then eccentric about it, and finally completely fanatical on the subject. A. R. Kaufman has the quiet dedication of a minor messiah, the gaunt appearance of a taller-than-average Gandhi, and the brusque politeness of a teacher who has left his pupils one grade behind him. His attitude towards those who question his theories is that of a tired lion brushing gnats from his mane, and his lined and sculptured face grows sad and pensive at the thought of what he considers the imbecility of man.

For years now he has conducted an office situated in his block-long Kitchener plant called the Parents' Information Bureau Ltd., operated under a 1935 Dominion charter. From this office every day go out birth control information and contraceptive supplies to thousands of Canadian housewives who apply for them. At the time of the Eastview trial he employed 55 nurses who operated from coast to coast as salaried field workers, and ran a birth control clinic in Toronto besides. Today he sends out his information and supplies from his Kitchener headquarters.

Dorothea Palmer, the young woman placed under arrest in Eastview in 1936, was one of his field workers, whose job it was to visit the homes of poor families and to offer needy mothers the opportunity of applying for contraceptive materials, which then would be sent to them free from the Kitchener bureau. Kaufman's interest in the project, and the considerable sums of money he spent to carry it out, were totally philanthropic, and neither he nor his company gained any financial benefits from it whatsoever. During the trial his opponents claimed that his factory manufactured certain contraceptive supplies, but this was untrue.

MR. KAUFMAN'S interest in birth control, or "family planning" as he prefers to call it, stems from the first months of the depression. He explains it by saying, "My interest in family planning was aroused in December, 1929, when the Kaufman Rubber Company was obliged to release a large percentage of its help. I was forced to discharge the least competent of my employees who, unfortunately, were the ones most in need, and had the largest families. When I received pleas for help from these former employees, I concluded that the most constructive help I could give was assistance to them in family planning. I sent a doctor to New York to get information on the best methods, and upon his return many mothers were given contraceptive advice and supplies. Appreciation of our work resulted in requests from employees and others to visit other needy families in Kitchener, and our work gradually spread throughout Canada."

It was due to this expansion that Dorothea Palmer was placed under arrest as she was leaving the home of a woman who was living on relief and was the mother of a large number of children. This woman had telephoned Miss Palmer and had asked her to call at her house to give her birth control information and an application form for contraceptive supplies.

The Crown laid a general charge against the nurse under Section 207 of the Criminal Code, which deals with the publication of obscene matter. At first she was charged on three counts, but two of them were dropped early in the trial for lack of evidence. She was eventually charged only under section (b) of the charge which reads: "did advertise to several persons in the said town of Eastview, by means of a pamphlet entitled 'Birth Control and Some of Its Simplest Methods', instructions, drugs, medicine or articles intended or represented as a means of preventing conception."

Twenty-one women were called as witnesses by the Crown. All of them were Roman Catholics, and all but one were French-Canadians. Each admitted having received free from the Parents' Information Bureau contraceptive supplies and a pamphlet. They had also been given a slip showing the prices at which further supplies could be obtained.

These women showed their resentment against the questions thrown at them by the Crown Attorney, but spoke freely when being cross-examined by the counsel for the defense. All but two or three said they saw nothing wrong with using contraceptives.

As the trial proceeded (it continued at intervals from October, 1936 to March, 1937), it became apparent that A. R. Kaufman, rather than his employee, Dorothea Palmer, was being tried. The division between the witnesses and experts for the Crown and for the defense was drawn largely on religious and racial lines; the Crown representing the orthodox French-Canadian Catholic viewpoint and the defense upholding the common English-speaking Protestant stand on birth control. None of the Roman Catholic clergy appeared as a Crown witness, but among the experts called were Dr. Leon Gerin-Lajoie, Professor of Gynecology of the University of Montreal; Dr. Ernest Couture, a local obstetrician; and an Anglican clergyman, Canon Arthur H. Walley, rector of Ottawa's St. Alban's Church. The Crown produced no sociological or economic arguments against contraception, but based its case on medical and ecclesiastical grounds.

On the other hand, the defense introduced sixteen experts, including Rev. T. F. Summerhayes, Secretary of the Toronto Anglican Council for Social Service; Dr. W. Scott, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the University of Toronto; Denis Savoie, relief officer of Eastview; Colonel Sims of the Salvation Army; Rabbi Samuel Sachs; and Dr. G. Brock Chisholm. These witnesses gave evidence to show that the dissemination of contraceptive knowledge, particularly by the methods employed by the accused, was for the public good.

The person or persons who had instigated the charges never came forward, but Mr. Kaufman has a good idea who they were. He says, "It was evident for several years that family planning progress in Canada was annoying opponents who, I believe, were responsible for instigating the arrest of my social worker, Dorothea Palmer."

The main argument of the Crown's was that it was not for the public good that a social worker should call upon women whom she knew to be Roman Catholics and to place them in a position to exercise birth control, without warning them that

it might be contrary to the teachings of their church, and that any provision of statute law that was contrary to religion was invalid and void. On the other hand, the Defense argued that if the prosecution were upheld it would mean that the process of law could be invoked to give force and effect to the rules of Roman Catholic Canon law.

For twenty days, spread over a six-month period, the witnesses for the crown and for the Defense trooped to the witness stand in the wooden courtroom building. Altogether the verbatim record of the proceedings extended to more than 750,000 words and the magistrate gave his verdict in a written statement of ninety-one folio pages. This set a record for a case heard in a magistrate's court in this country, up to that time.

Almost six months after the trial had opened, Magistrate Clayton acquitted Miss Palmer. In his lengthy judgment he said, in effect, that contraceptive information should not be withheld from the poorer classes, who usually have large families and too often are in poor health. On the other hand, the rich and middle classes could afford to get all the information they required from their doctors, and also that drug stores were allowed to sell contraceptives without restriction. And furthermore, "the Criminal Code did not prohibit the use of contraceptic devices."

The press reaction was virulent and varied, and followed the racial and religious lines which had been emphasized throughout the trial. The Winnipeg *Tribune*, Toronto *Telegram*, and the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, among others came out with editorials in favor of the decision, while the London *Catholic Record* and Montreal *L'Unité* led the French and Catholic press in opposition to it.

L'Unité, under the heading, *Le Scandale Du Procés Palmer!* said, in part: "Contempt of court or no contempt of court, I don't give a damn! I say that the judgment of Magistrate Lester Clayton of Eastview, Ontario (it is always in Ontario that bizarre things come to pass!) given on March 17 is iniquitous, unjust and contrary to good morals. It is not only against the Catholic positive law, but contrary to natural law and ought to be publicly censured by all self-respecting persons. If Judge Clayton is a magistrate who does not wish to follow Christian precepts . . . let him be sacked! In a Christian country his judgment is a shame and a scandal! And they speak of prudish Ontario! Let them rather speak of its ignorant judges . . ."

SATURDAY NIGHT said, in part: "The Eastview case, not alone through the decision rendered last week, but also through the impressive mass of evidence marshalled by the defense has contributed greatly to the clarifying of public opinion on the subject of birth-control. An Ontario court has now definitely ruled that a very active dissemination of birth-control knowledge and appliances is for the public good and not excessive. We think this decision correctly represents the public opinion of most of Canada outside the Province of Quebec. . ."

When questioned now about the antagonism his project once stirred up among the opponents of birth control (and there was opposition from groups other than the Catholic Church), A. R. Kaufman's face sets in a bewildered frown. He says, "The opposition from the Catholic Clergy continues, but I think its effect is weakened. Good evidence is the fact that Catholic individuals walk right into the Parents' Information Bureau office and request help. Written applications from Catholics are in the same proportion as Catholics are in the population."

In the days when the Parents' Information Bureau employed 55 field workers, applications for birth control information came in at the rate of 20,000 a year. Since the war, the number of annual applications has dropped to about 4,000.

Each application is carefully checked in order to eliminate unmarried women, and those applicants who can afford to buy contraceptives from their own druggist. Each application must be signed by a reliable witness and by the woman's family physician. The accepted applicant then has a choice of several contraceptive methods, and she is sent the necessary supplies and an informative booklet, printed in one of four languages, English, French, Polish or Ukrainian.

When he was asked if he thought public opinion had changed since the Eastview trial regarding birth control, Mr. Kaufman said, "I think one answer is that we get over 2,000 unsolicited applications per year. Another answer is that we think it is largely through our influence that there are now about ten Canadian hospitals where contraceptives may be obtained from out-patient clinics. We sell contraceptives to these clinics at our cost, which is about a quarter of the retail price."

Today, A. R. Kaufman still stands at the birth control barricade, taking on all comers in the battle that has been raging around him since the day he began his project in 1929. His strange avocation and personal contribution to sociology are unique in Canada for a man of his position. Throughout the years hundreds of thousands of poverty-stricken mothers have had cause to thank him for his help and guidance, while his opponents have cursed him loud and long.

It is not likely that a monument will ever be raised to this millionaire philanthropist who, perhaps ahead of the times, has earned the title of "Mr. Birth Control". But maybe the words spoken by Magistrate Lester Clayton could some day be carved upon his tomb. "What argument is there from a humanitarian point of view . . . that will deny . . . the means of properly spacing children . . . so that the mother and the child can enjoy good health, and so that parents can control the number of children . . . they can support?"

Your argument depends upon your viewpoint.

HUGH GARNER

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One acted unwisely . . . he always ate too much; he tried to lose weight quickly through strenuous exercise, self-prescribed drugs, and other shortcuts to weight reduction.

One reduced sensibly . . . he consulted his doctor about his weight problem, and followed a properly balanced diet to bring his weight down gradually, and keep it at a desirable level.

OVERWEIGHT is our country's Number One health problem today. In fact, it is estimated that there are about 2 million Canadians who are burdened by excess pounds.

Medical authorities stress the health hazards of overweight more than ever before. The reason for this is simple:

Continuing studies show that overweight people do not live, on the average, as long as those who keep their weight at a desirable level. This is because excessive fat tends to increase a person's chances of possibly developing one or more diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes, liver and gall bladder disease and other disorders.

Overweight may reduce physical efficiency and often is a serious handicap in the event an operation is needed, or an acute illness occurs. In addition, overweight is apt to place an unnecessary strain on many vital organs, especially the heart. It has been estimated, for example, that for every 20 pounds of excess weight, one's heart must serve about 12 extra miles of blood vessels.

So, it is important to keep a watchful eye on your weight and start reducing as soon as any unwelcome pounds appear.

Safe and sensible weight reduction should always begin with a visit to your doctor. He will examine you and suggest what weight is best for you. His decision will be based, in part, on your height and age, as well as your bone structure and the kind of life you lead.

Nearly all cases of overweight are due to eating too much. There are various reasons for excessive eating—emotional difficulties, for example. Whatever the cause, the doctor can usually help you to develop a sound weight reduction program. This will usually include a properly balanced diet; one which will bring about the desired reduction slowly, usually at the rate of about two pounds a week, and also supply the body with the necessary protective food elements.

However, no diet will produce satisfactory results, unless there is a determined effort made by the patient to reduce.

With the doctor's advice and a firm resolution to cooperate wholeheartedly, an overweight person can usually attain the desired weight—at which he will look, feel, and act best. *Remember that proper weight, in terms of everyday comfort and longer life, is worth whatever effort is required to achieve and maintain it.*

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Letter from London

Cameos of an Enchanted Evening

If you can lead me to a prettier sight than the young Queen Elizabeth, dressed in grey and silver, smiling up at a seascape by Van Goyen—and that was grey and silver, too—I shall be extremely surprised.

The Van Goyen was one of a superb collection of Dutch masterpieces which is now showing at Burlington House. (Burlington House, in case you have forgotten, is the eighteenth century building in Piccadilly which is the official headquarters of the Royal Academy.)

To open this exhibition there was a royal dinner in the Assembly Room, followed by a small party, to which I was invited. And very glad I was to go, because it was all most gay and elegant, from the moment when we walked up the wide staircase, lined with banks of freesias, till the time—around midnight—when the last glimmer of silver, on the Queen's dress, flickered out of sight.

Here are some cameos of that enchanted evening. First, the dinner itself. Nothing but candlelight, in which the Queen looked more than ever like a fairy princess, with the diamonds sparkling in her hair. Hanging on the wall behind her was Constable's famous "Leaping Horse", which must surely be one of the painting miracles of all time. On her right was a distinguished Chinese mandarin in the shape of Mr. Somerset Maugham, who had flown over from the South of France for the occasion.

Then the party itself, in which we all wandered round the great galleries, as the fancy took us. At one moment I found myself standing next to Mr. Winston Churchill. He looked pink and beaming, and his medals, as usual, were slightly askew. He was gazing at a magnificent Cuyp, and tracing patterns in the air with his cigar, as though he were using a paint-brush. He turned to Mrs. Churchill. "Makes you think, doesn't it?" he said.

Then there was the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been partnered at dinner by Mrs. Peter Fleming—who is Celia Johnson in private life, one of Britain's most delicate and sensitive actresses. The Duke had a good deal to say to Sir Gerald Kelly—who is this year's President of the Academy—and I imagine that some of their conversation was couched in forcible terms, because . . . well, the Duke has been in the Navy, where they call a spade a spade, and sometimes more . . . and Sir Gerald has always had a wide command of vivid adjectives. Indeed, the other day he caused a considerable sensation in a television program by pointing to a picture and observing, "Whatever anybody may tell you, that's *a bloody good picture.*"

At which ten thousand old maids sat up sharply in their armchairs, got out their gold pencils, and wrote letters of protest to the BBC. But the vast majority of us merely grinned, because we knew our Gerald, we knew his passionate excitement about art, and we knew he was just being himself. Besides, it was a bloody good picture.

We are now going to a party at Madame Massigli's.

Odette Massigli is the wife of the French Ambassador, and you will be pleased to hear that she is quite the most elegant woman in London—with the possible exception of the Duchess of Kent. But it is not because of her elegance that we all dote on her; it is because of her gaiety, her camaraderie, and her total lack of affectation.

Every year I have a little private celebration with Odette. The pride and joy of my country garden—the *specialité de la maison* as it were—is a long bed of the most beautiful lilies you ever saw. (Lilium regale, to be precise.) They grow five feet high, they are dazzling white, flushed with a shadow of purple in the centre, and they fill the whole house with their fragrance. And since Odette is the first lady of France, and since the lily is the national flower of France, she always gets the first bunch. I drive up in my small car to the vast embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, looking and feeling like an amateur greengrocer, and stagger with loaded arms down long corridors hung with Gobelin tapestry, and find Odette waiting for me with a big vase full of water, and a big glass full of champagne.

Well, there were no lilies at this party, but there were early daffodils and almond blossom. And there was dressmaker Christian Dior, in whose honor we had assembled. He stood by Odette's side, looking more like a family solicitor than a great *couturier*. I asked him if he thought that British women dressed as badly as they are supposed to do. He replied, somewhat cryptically, that as far as dress was concerned, British women "were themselves". You may make of that what you want. It reminds me of a famous occasion—hitherto unpublished—when Noel Coward went up to Picasso at one of his Paris exhibitions and asked that master, politely but firmly, what the goodness his pictures were intended to represent. Picasso stared at Noel for a moment, and then replied: "Monsieur Coward, it is a question of temperature." Which baffled even Noel.

One of the celebrities at Odette's party was Tory Member of Parliament Robert Boothby, surrounded as usual by adoring females. Whatever your politics, you'd like Bob. We were at Oxford together, and one of my first memories of him is joining a pack of Balliol men who were chasing him down the moonlit High Street, just as

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Coast to Coast

the ancient clocks of the city were striking the hour of midnight. We were anxious to relieve him of his trousers, for Bob was a Magdalen man, and between Balliol and Magdalen there was at that time a certain coolness.

Today, Bob is growing plump and his hair is flecked with grey, but every woman tells me that he is a dynamo of attraction, so there is hope for us all. But Bob's interest does not lie in the drawing room; it lies in the fact that he is one of the new British personalities who have suddenly become national figures because of the staggering growth of television. Every week he appears as the chief Tory speaker in an impromptu round-table discussion called "In the News", and within half a minute he is having a dog fight with an acidulous, pinkish little Labor man called Michael Foot. And all England joins in the fun.

You've no idea how television has affected our whole social structure.

Another TV name to remember is Gilbert Harding. Probably the rudest and certainly one of the wittiest men in the world. Fortyish, Jewish, dark, moustached, beery-voiced, with a heart of gold and an atomic temper. Atomic is the right word, because he periodically explodes on television, and then there are headlines, and he has to apologize, and we all long for him to do it again.

I have had a sack full of the breeziest, liveliest letters from Canadian readers. Only one nasty one, which was from a Communist lady in Toronto, who seemed to imagine that I was personally responsible for hanging up the Iron Curtain—a suggestion for which there is no historical foundation. A large proportion of these letters, oddly enough, speak of flowers. They want to know if the daffodils are coming up in Hyde Park, what we are doing about the beds outside Buckingham Palace. All that sort of thing.

Very well. They have certainly come to the right shop! There are drifts of mauve and white crocuses in Regent's Park. At Hampton Court, in the ancient gardens, the ghost of Cardinal Wolsey may be observed, by sensitive persons such as ourselves, sniffing the first golden sprays of Forsythia, which is foolish of him, because it doesn't smell. And the official geranium which has been chosen to blaze in the beds outside the Palace, bears the appropriate name of "Guardsman". It is a virile, arrogant red—as challenging as the color of the tunics of the gallant men who will escort Her Majesty on the great day.

And everybody is buying window boxes, and filling them with combinations of red and white and blue. Even the Albany is going gay. In case you don't know the Albany, it is a strange and rather secret thoroughfare, in the heart of Piccadilly, where no traffic passes, and where gaunt eighteenth century buildings stare at each other. The ghost of Lord Byron, who once lived there, is supposed to walk there. Today it echoes to the footsteps of other literary celebrities—plump little J. B. Priestley for one.

This austere and venerable retreat is planning to blossom out with scarlet verbena, white alyssum and blue lobelia. My own club, the Garrick, is going in for scarlet salvias. And that, in itself, is something of a revolution, if you know the Garrick! One day I will take you around it, and introduce you to some of our members, and show you some of our treasures, such as David Garrick's intimate letters, and the stage jewels of Sarah Bernhardt, and Kean's snuff-box, and a multitude of charming relics of the great days of the English theatre. One of my favorites is a page from the "Candidates' Proposal Book", which hangs at the bottom of the great staircase. The name of the candidate to be proposed is "Sir Henry Irving" and across it is scrawled "Not Elected". Which makes me wonder how I got in myself.

Now I must say goodbye again. I have to prepare for the arrival of a Chow puppy, one of the victims of the recent floods. I have adopted it on the urgent plea of that great actress Fay Compton, who went up to the stricken areas, and nearly broke her heart at the sight of all the dogs and cats and horses, dazed and shivering and half-starved. However, all that's over now, the floods have gone, most of the animals have found homes, and Spring is on the way.

But there is much to be done to help the people who suffered so badly in the flooded areas.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

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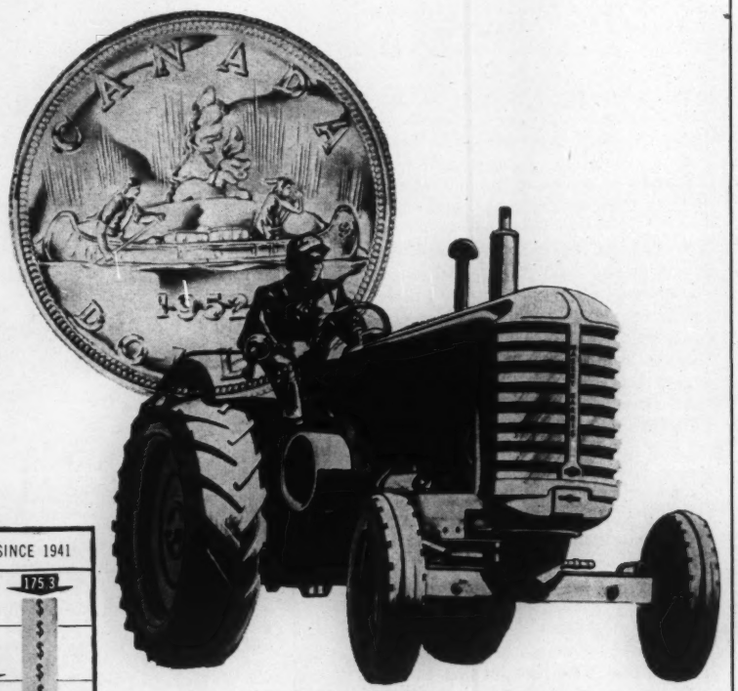

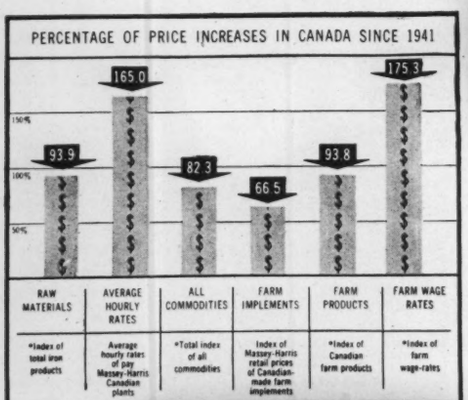

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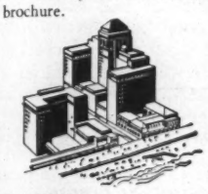

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Music

Sniveling Melancholy

I HAVE just finished a short run through Kentucky and Tennessee. Traditionally, this area is the home of so-called Mountain Music, and if the radio stations you pick up are any indication, the disc jockeys are certainly sticking close to tradition. Every hour of the day and night, three-quarters of the stations (and there are plenty of them) were sitting heavily on the fiddle, accordion, bass group that is the appropriate accompaniment to the lonesome keening of the professional mountain singer.

The amateur mountain singer is something else again. There is a fine set of Library of Congress recordings of United States folk music, made right on the spot by travelling units. The fellow who knows the song sings it through for you. Sometimes, he sings terribly; sometimes, he might have a very fetching manner. Nearly always the song he sings is an interesting one; yet another version of *Barbara Allen,* an Elizabethan song that has been kept in isolated preservation for hundreds of years, or a new song, perhaps made up by the singer, to take care of some special occasion: a flood, or a mine disaster or some particularly striking case of unrequited love.

Most of the subjects are a little on the gloomy side, even when the singer is obviously enjoying himself. I do not suggest you actually go so far as to try and buy any of these Library of Congress recordings, but quite a few libraries own some, and they are played from time to time over the radio, so it may be worth your while to look out for them.

But not all the characteristics of the amateurs are preserved in the professional mountain singers. The terrible singing is a cherished tradition, and so is the melancholy. I do not think I have ever heard more misery whined out more despairingly. The pace, too, is uniformly regular and measured, like the throbbing of an abscessed tooth.

The amateurs, on the other hand, are notable for the very free and relaxed way in which they handle their songs; their rhythms are almost the rhythms of speech. The amateurs, moreover, are not *uniformly* desolated. They are always able to find bright spots in the blackest narrative. For instance, there is a version of *Barbara Allen* which is called *The Black Douglas.* At the end—after the unhappy lovers are dead and buried, and the briar bush has grown from his grave and the red, red rose from hers, and they have twined together in a true lover's knot—we have the following refreshing verse by way of conclusion:

Then by rode the Black Douglas,
And wow! but he was rough!
He pulled out the bonny briar bush,
And flang it in St. Mary's loch!

No professional mountain singer would allow the saccharine melancholy of the occasion to be sullied by any such hearty behavior as that. Certainly, in this field the singer at home is able to sing whatever he wants, and to enliven the narrative in whatever way he thinks appropriate. The professional in the recording studio is bound by the rigid requirements of a market, which, as usual, requires that whatever is done should be the most successful thing, no matter how many times it has been done before, and that any variations from the approved formula should be excised.

Amateur mountain music has yet another great advantage over the professional. It causes people to join in, and in particular it lets them join in such social festivities as the square dance. All through Tennessee and Kentucky, especially in rural areas, there are advertisements for square dances; almost as many as there are in rural Ontario.

Here is the only survival of the kind of dancing that was once thought to be the only worthwhile kind: participation in a social activity that combined exercise and discipline. For many centuries, the special pleasure of dancing was being a member of a group that was working out beautiful and entertaining patterns with several bodies. Nowadays dancing has become a kind of love-making, which is also an interesting and socially desirable activity, but is not really as convenient on the dance floor as it might be elsewhere.

The square dance restores to the dance floor the delight and exhilaration of romping through the figures of the dance; the delights of courtship are thus reserved for outside the building.

Late at night, the same mountain radio stations that have been carrying the snivelling voice of Melancholy (of Cerberus and blackest midnight born), give it up, and turn to the energetic tunes of square dance music. The violin has always been regarded as the Devil's instrument, and especially when it is double-stopping. I had always wondered why, until the other night when, in the Tennessee hills, I suddenly heard the throaty rasp of the old-time fiddle, bow glued to the strings, calling for our attention before the beginning of the dance. No doubt about it, it is a seductive noise, able to call a man's feet from the path of duty and into the delightful dangers of the dance; and if a man's feet are being fiddled into temptation, the chances are the rest of him is being carried off there too.

For the first time, I began to see how this marvelous speaking box of wood and gut might well be thought of as the special instrument of the devil, especially in communities where to be happy was to be sinful.

The thing that I find really marvelous is how the professional mountain singers can possibly keep the attention of a society that also likes the music of the square dance. The one may be the devil's own instrument, but the other is certainly the devil's own music. In fact, it may be the music of the damned, for all I know.

LISTER SINCLAIR

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By Order of the Board.

WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, Q.C.
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario
March 9th, 1953.

Ottawa Letter

Defensive Battle for the Liberals

SINCE prorogation must occur at least ten days before the Coronation, the present session of Parliament has now run more than half its course, and some stock-taking of the effect of its proceedings upon the prospects of parties in the coming election is apposite. They seem to have settled definitely, two things: that the dominating issues of the election, now closely interwoven, will be the Government's management of the program of defence, since its great expansion began in 1950, and its policy about taxation; and that the Liberal party is committed to a difficult defensive battle.

The three parties in opposition remain poles apart in both their basic philosophies and practical programs, but a common conviction, that the St. Laurent Ministry had been grossly negligent and inefficient in its stewardship of vital national interests, induced them early in the session to forswear their differences for the purpose of achieving a united front for a sustained assault upon the Government for its sins of omission and commission.

There has been no attempt to create a combined staff for directing the strategy of the opposition, and each of the three parties has taken its own line without consulting the others. But there has been in operation a temporary working alliance, which has mustered such effective debating power that Ministers have been given comparatively few days of respite from severe criticism.

Waste and Inefficiency

ABOUT A YEAR ago, the Government, under the pressure of public opinion, was compelled to abandon its autocratic attitude that the demand of the opposition for parliamentary investigation of the expenditures upon defence was a sort of personal affront to Mr. Claxton, which could never be countenanced. But, after a special committee, with its scope confined to expenditures since March, 1950, had been reluctantly constituted, the blockading tactics of its dominant majority of Liberals prevented any disclosures of maladministration which could cause the Ministry serious embarrassment.

When Parliament reassembled last November the opposition had little hope of piercing the veil of secrecy, which had been thrown over many of the activities of the Department of National Defence, until out of the blue the now famous Currie report was suddenly presented to Parliament. Never in their wildest dreams had they expected to be able to sate their hunger for evidence of Ministerial errors and follies with such a juicy morsel.

But, if the Currie report placed in their hands convincing evidence that there has been inefficiency and wastefulness in the management of the program of defence, its special strictures were limited to the Works Services of the Canadian army, and the defalcations and pillagings which it uncovered were on a relatively minor scale, involving, according to the Government, a total loss of not much more than $50,000 to the country. It is true that the report indicated that there was a serious laxity in the whole administration of the Department of National Defence, but it stopped short of a forthright indictment of Mr. Claxton and his chief officials.

In the parliamentary controversy which ensued, the Liberals tried manfully to "play down" the report and the opposition did their best to magnify it. But they overplayed what was a good hand and as a result the Government was able for a time to make some headway in allaying the public disquietude which had been aroused by the report.

The Government success was short-lived, as from all over the country indignant citizens, who had been groaning under high taxation, began to supply members of the opposition with detailed evidence of wastefulness and extravagance in defence projects which had come under their personal observation. Further ammunition was also provided by the report of the Auditor-General, and by the researches of diligent journalists like Arthur Blakely, of the *Montreal Gazette*, into the public accounts.

As a result, the pages of Hansard now teem with abundant proofs of the squandermania which has afflicted the Department of National Defence. The stories now told of extravagant outlays on the construction and equipment of establishments for the armed forces, make the losses incurred through wrongdoing by a clique at Petawawa look like chickenfeed.

It is now crystal clear that the Department of National Defence has been treating with studied contempt the idea of practising economy in administration, and the orgy of unbridled extravagance has undoubtedly made the cost of our program of defence unnecessarily large.

During the debate on the Budget, J. M. Macdonnell gave data which showed that while the annual British expenditure on defence was not much more than double that of Canada, Britain was able to maintain armed forces whose total strength was nearly nine times as great as ours. Even when allowance is made for the fact that Britain has enforced conscription and has lower rates of pay, the discrepancy between the results of the two sets of expenditures is too glaring to be glossed over, and indefensible extravagance is one of the chief factors in it.

Now the average Canadian taxpayers would not mind making sacrifices in the interests of national security, if they were satisfied that good value was being received for the money spent. But it will now be a Herculean task to persuade them that a lot of their money has not gone down the drain. So the Liberal members are now discovering, to their dismay, that in the country the Government is getting very scant credit for the relief of taxation offered by the Budget.

Hundreds of outraged taxpayers are saying: "Thank you for nothing. If reasonable economy had been observed in the expenditures upon defence since 1950, the scale of income and other taxation could have been kept much lower. Through the inefficiency and extravagance of Mr. Claxton and his officials, you have taken out of our pockets millions of dollars which we could have spent more wisely, and you are not entitled to any gratitude for taking off taxes which need never have been imposed."

No Happy Summer

EVIDENCE accumulates that the Government's prestige with the public is materially lower than it was when the session began, and nobody is more conscious of this recession than the Liberal members, who are in touch with their constituencies. Moreover, they are fearful the downward slide of their party's popularity will gather momentum during the summer, and it was this fear that made them organize a fresh drive to persuade the Government to hold the election before the Coronation.

Their main arguments for it were, that if the election were delayed until the fall, the parties in opposition would be given ample time to educate the voters about the frailties of the Department of National Defence, and that a poor crop in the West, which is foreshadowed by the present abnormal dryness of the soil, might produce a recession in business and considerable unemployment, for which the party in power would be blamed.

The demand for an immediate election was backed by most of the younger Ministers, but it encountered a rock-like resistance from the three senior members of the Cabinet, Messrs. St. Laurent, Howe and Gardiner, and the Prime Minister quashed the idea finally at the last Liberal caucus. But from this gathering many of the Liberal

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MASSEY HALL

members emerged in a very disgruntled and unhappy frame of mind.

They are dolefully conscious that they will have to spend the coming summer in a desperate effort to explain away the extravagances, and to justify the scale of taxation which has prevailed in recent years.

The present position seems to be that, while the Liberals have lost ground during the session, the stock of the Progressive Conservative party has climbed upward, but not yet to a height which can assure it a working Parliamentary majority.

There is no prospect that the ascendency of the two historic parties will be seriously challenged in the next election by either of the junior parties. The CCF is confident that it will make substantial gains in Saskatchewan, where the adverse report upon the project of irrigation spells doom for many sitting Liberal members, and will improve its position in British Columbia, but it cannot count upon many gains in the Eastern provinces. Reports from the West about the crowded meetings held by the Social Credit party suggest that the curious mixture of religion and economics, which passes for its program, is making numerous converts in that region, but east of the Great Lakes the claim that thousands of voters are yearning to enlist under the banners of Mr. Manning and Mr. Low has yet to be justified.

In the good old days when politics were the chief intellectual interest of the Canadian people, the great majority of the voters had a fixed loyalty to one of the historic parties, which was not easily shaken, and genuine independents were rare birds. But today, the voters formally enrolled as active members of the party associations are only a fraction of the total, and the rest roam outside the party corrals, contemptuous of the sentimental ties which usually determined the votes of their forbears, and claiming freedom to use their ballots for passing judgment upon the issues of the day and the capacity of the contenders for their support to deal effectively with those issues. The evidence of the latest Gallup poll proves the existence of a huge floating vote, whose allocation on polling day will be determined by the impact made upon it by the appeals and personalities of the different leaders during the campaign. In view of the proved delinquencies of the ruling Liberal Ministry, the cry "It is time for a change" will operate powerfully against it, but the change may well be postponed if Mr. Drew does not achieve better success than in 1949 in convincing voters that he can provide a satisfactory alternative Government. Otherwise, disgruntled voters will turn to the "splinter" parties and the Liberals, badly battered but still the largest group, may be able to retain power.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

•

George Jean Nathan: Art is a reaching out into the ugliness of the world for vagrant beauty and the imprisoning of it in a tangible dream.

Eureka!

We failed to see, when we began
With selfless assiduity
Our quest for marvels hidden from
Man,
Past tentacles of sense to scan,
That, having to the "atom" come,
Matter's amazing starry womb
Infinitesimality—
We should no whit less curious be—
And might conspire our doom.

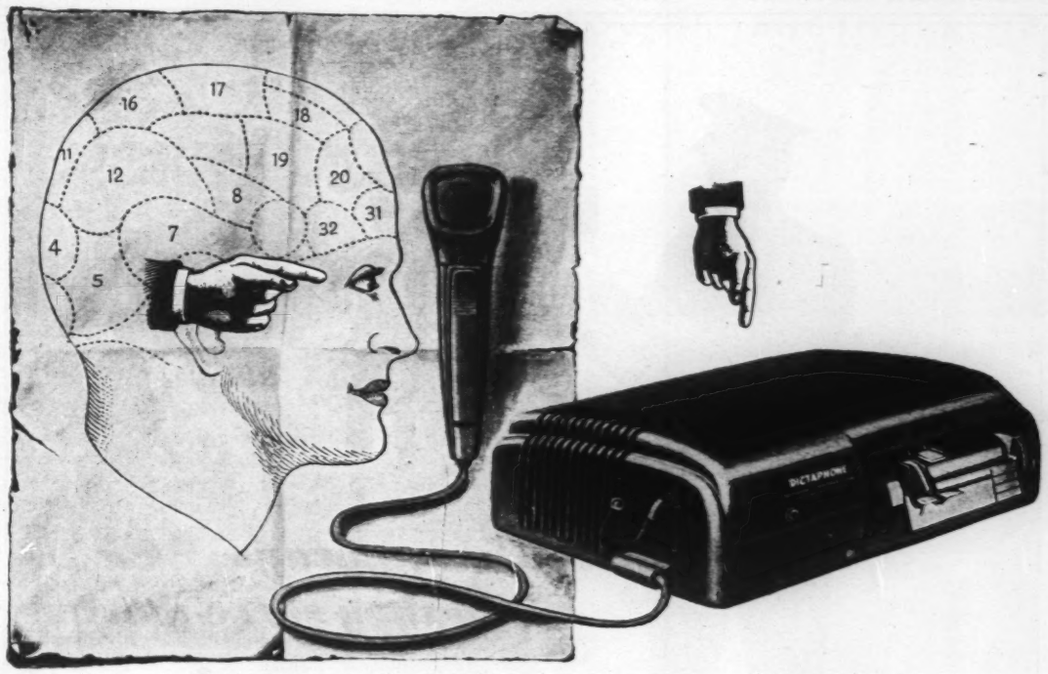
Dowered in childhood with such joys
As might the Seraphim make weep;
Unheeding in this House of Life
What treasure genius can give,
Free from all rancor, envy, strife,
Beauty, wonder, mystery,
No Israfel could lip—

Like unimaginative brats,
Disdaining faith and love,
We squatted on the nursery floor,
Shrouded the windows, locked the
door,
And everything in it to tatters tore
Not to find joy in what they are *for*,
But merely what made *of*.

Alas, old Nature! To have to say,
"Mother, beware! There'll come a
day—
Gone all your once fond might-have-
beens—
When we, the cleverest of your weans,
Shall teach the stupidest the means
To blow even You to smithereens.

"Yes—there's been found the way!"

WALTER DE LA MARE



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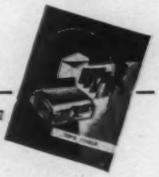

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Foreign Affairs

The Passing of the Great Khan

THERE IS a charming story related by Bertram Wolfe in *Three Who Made a Revolution* of Stalin's reaction to the sycophantic flattery which he encountered on returning to Tiflis, in his native Georgia, in 1926. "I have not deserved half this eulogy," he said. "This is mere fantasy, comrades, and a perfectly useless exaggeration. That is the way one speaks at the grave of a revolutionary. But I am not preparing to die . . ."

Yet for the last dozen years of his life Stalin allowed, if he did not encourage, flattery reaching to the heavens and beyond. Lately he had been called "Creator of the world and its people," and "Lighthouse of the Planets." He was far too complete a cynic to believe any of this; apparently he became convinced by experience that the building of such a legend had its value in ruling the peoples of Russia, who had looked up to their Tsar as a god-like figure, and in dazzling the comrades in the satellites and around the world.

The law of compensation is, however, inexorable. The mere fact that Stalin allowed his deification to be carried to such extremes means that his successor will have that much more difficulty in filling his place and establishing a new ascendancy. Any attempt to do this overnight with a Malenkov would produce, not a new Communist deity, but the inflated figure of a holiday parade.

Winston Churchill, in a speech in Boston four years ago, compared Stalin to Jenghis Khan, and recalled that when the Great Khan died the Mongol hordes turned about and left Europe, to troop back 7,000 miles to choose a new khan. They never returned, and Jenghis' successors could not hold his vast empire together.

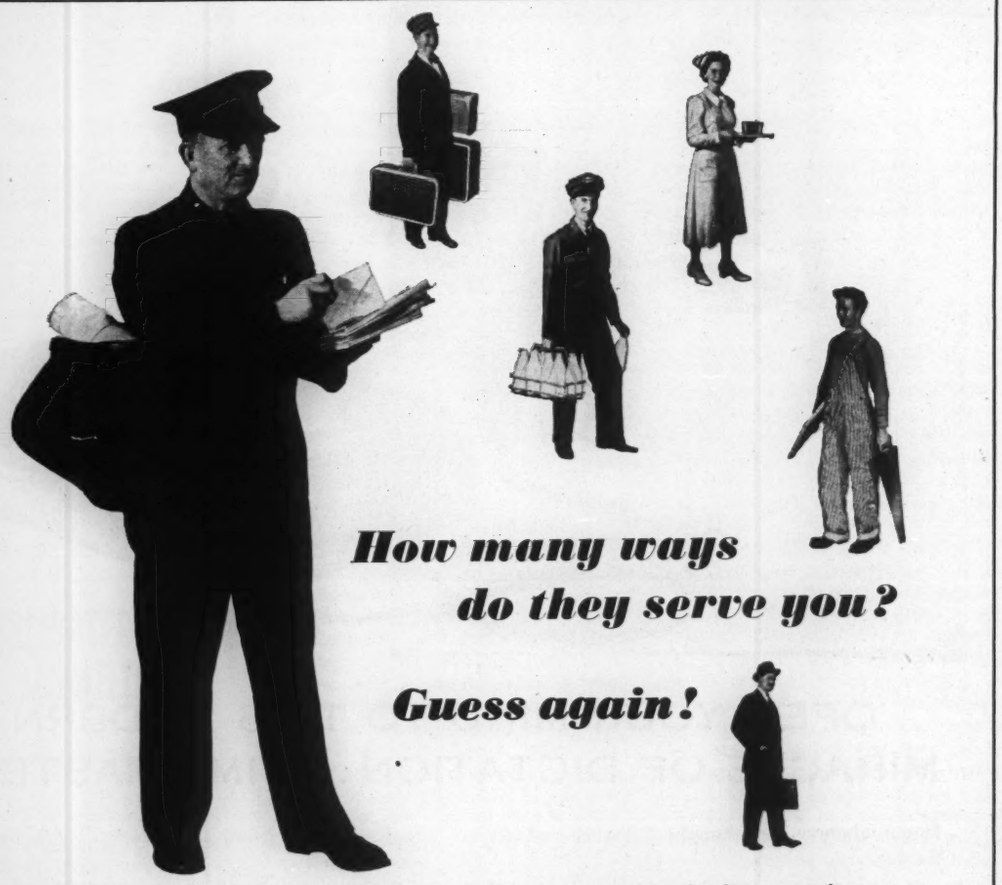
One has to be careful with historical parallels. Another favorite one is the transfer of power from Lenin to Stalin, which took five years, from 1924 to 1929. It may be no more applicable in the present situation than the choosing of a successor to the Great Khan. During the consolidation of Stalin's power, a quarter of a century ago, debate in the Politburo, the Central Committee and the Party Congress was quite open, the existence of sharply opposing groups within the Party was recognized, and the Party was everything. They published pamphlets attacking each other's theoretical position and grand strategy for Communist world conquest, and there was no prevalent notion that the losers of this debate would also lose their heads. (It was 10 years before Stalin felt secure enough to liquidate the more famous of the Bolshevist leaders who had opposed him.)

Since then the whole oppressive organization of a totalitarian state has been built up, debate in the Praesidium (which has replaced the Politburo), the Central Committee and the Party Congress, in which factions could be formed openly, is unknown, and the lesson has been made quite plain that opposition means death. The lesser leaders survived by agreeing with Stalin.

In the new book by Stalin's nephew, Svanidze, it tells how Malenkov and Zhdanov stood in Stalin's presence like schoolboys, never daring to venture a different opinion. And in *Tito Speaks* there is the story of how Yugoslav Foreign Minister Kardelj ventured to correct Stalin on the meaning of "Benelux." It meant Belgium and Luxembourg, Stalin insisted, and nobody else. Kardelj said it also included the Netherlands. Stalin said "No." Then Kardelj dared to insist: "Look at the name, it means BElgium. NEtherlands, LUXembourg." Stalin thundered him down: "When I say no, I mean NO."

A still better story concerns Molotov, by Stalin's permission Premier of the USSR up to the war, and Foreign Minister for ten years after that. It is word-for-word true, as it happened in the presence of Eric Johnston, at that time President of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

In the middle of the war when



All of these people serve you in useful ways through their jobs. But, like people in *all* walks of life, they may also be helping you in certain *important unseen ways.*

Take your postman, for instance. He may have helped to build your home *through his ownership of life insurance.* It's possible – because the money of thousands of life insurance policyholders is invested for them in building homes throughout the nation.

In the same way your milkman, lawyer or nurse may have helped build new highways, waterworks, schools, power plants or other essential public works in your community. For there are millions of people in these and many other occupations whose invested life insurance money works these ways for everyone's benefit.

And – who knows – perhaps your *job* too was created by these life insurance policyholders' dollars, invested to develop new businesses and industries.

Even your *health* may benefit because so many people own life insurance. Several medical research projects, supported wholly or in part by life insurance companies, are now seeking ways of checking diseases and prolonging life for all.

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Stalin desperately needed American aid, he offered Johnston the unprecedented opportunity of visiting the new armaments cities of the Urals and Siberia. Johnston wanted to take along the American correspondents who were with his party, but had had no reply to two requests to the Foreign Office on this. He took the matter up with Stalin, in their interview just before he was to leave, and Stalin simply said: "Sure! Take them along." Johnston, wishing to maintain good relations with Molotov, turned to the latter and asked: "Does the Foreign Minister agree?" Stalin, mystified by this exchange, called on his interpreter for a quick explanation, then slapped his thigh and exclaimed to Johnston: "Did *you* think that *he* wouldn't agree with *me*!"

Now these lesser men have come into power, with Malenkov quickly established as first among them. All the signs of precedence in Soviet protocol which the experts watch so carefully, such as the placing of photographs in the public squares and the order of names of the Soviet leaders given in press descriptions of great celebrations, have proved to be correct in indicating Malenkov as the leading candidate for the succession. The clearest pointer of all was the honor given him at the recent Party Congress of being the only person except Lenin and Stalin to present the report of the Central Committee.

There were also the indications given in this commentary just a month ago of the undermining of Beria's position. Few of his associates were named to the new Party Praesidium, supposed to take the place of the Politburo, whereas, as Edward Crankshaw of the London *Observer* pointed out, this body was packed with Malenkov men. Then there was the unprecedented criticism by *Pravda* and *Izvestia* of Beria's secret police, the "organs of state security", on January 13. Obviously a very powerful person must have been behind such criticism; persumably it was Malenkov, and this was intended as a warning to Beria.

Within 24 hours of Stalin's death Malenkov had secured the leadership. Already established as first secretary of the Party through his long years of burrowing, first as Stalin's personal secretary, and then as head of the Cadres Administration, he was also named as Chairman of the Council of Ministers. With the Soviet Radio crying to the people every hour of that interim to hold together in steel-like strength and guard the unity of the Party like the most precious gem, the men in the Kremlin appeared quite as conscious as the outside world of the consequences of an open struggle for power.

But this does not mean that Malenkov has already established, or can soon establish, his complete ascendancy. The quadrumvirate so much talked about is clearly there: Beria, in charge of all police; Molotov, foreign affairs; Bulganin, the Army; and Kaganovitch, the industrial and economic front, have been named in that order as the four vice-premiers. They form with Malenkov the Praesidium of the Council of Ministers.

Another interesting development is the bringing back of Marshal Zhukov, most popular of the Army leaders, from the semi-retirement in which Stalin had kept him since the war, to high position as deputy minister for the Armed Forces. This is clearly a bid for Army support, at a moment when the Party is in an awkward spot. (Even Stalin had to withdraw the hated political commissars from the Army, at the most difficult time of the war).

Here is the interplay of forces within a regime where only force counts. Is it likely, as some are suggesting, that Malenkov may seek to unify Russia behind him by undertaking a reckless war? Nothing is less likely. Even the present situation, with rearmament in full swing and the armed forces far stronger than usual for peacetime, holds its dangers for the Soviet leaders. Raised under Stalin to be ever vigilant lest the Revolution be taken over by Bonaparte, they would rather decrease the Army's power than increase it by becoming involved in a big war. There is no warranty whatever that the satellites, the Soviet Army, or even the rest of the Politburo would go to war at Malenkov's command.

Malenkov cannot become a Stalin overnight. Apart from everything else, here is a pretender to deity in the Communist world church, who has never published an article on Communist doctrine. Can he lay down the line to Mao? It speaks volumes that the eminent Chinese Marxist sent his No. 2 man to march behind Malenkov at Stalin's funeral.

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Persona Grata

Monsarrat: Civil Servant, Best Seller

WHEN Nicholas Monsarrat arrives in Canada from South Africa in April to assume duty as United Kingdom Information Officer, he comes as a British civil servant with a full-blown reputation as a writer. When you produce a best-seller like *The Cruel Sea* you become front page news throughout the English-speaking world.

The circumstances under which he travels to Ottawa are very different from those which attended his arrival in Johannesburg seven years ago to do a similar job. A lean, black-haired man with a sallow complexion and eyes the color of Delft china, he was introduced to me as "somebody you ought to know—Nicholas Monsarrat. He's come to open the U.K. Information Office." The name meant nothing to me—or to the rest of Johannesburg. There may have been a handful of ex-sailors who had read his corvette books, but even that is doubtful. Monsarrat started from scratch in South Africa. He left it a famous man—known, envied and inevitably criticized throughout the four provinces.

He has the purposeful, rolling walk of the sailor, with the full weight of the body shifted to each foot as it meets the ground. I have never seen him hurry. The measured tread is part of the hallmark which stamped Nicholas Monsarrat as one of the most distinct individuals Johannesburg ever learned to know.

Before long everybody who owned a radio set was familiar with the deep, resonant voice, for Monsarrat became one of the South African Broadcasting Corporation's stars.

He began by reviewing books — wittily, generously and with skilled discrimination. (He was not above inserting a reminder about his own writings if a suitable occasion arose. He seems to derive much of the same enjoyment out of this kind of thing as Bernard Shaw did.)

From book-reviewing he went on to taking part in impromptu discussion programs and to comparing quiz programs and the popular Twenty Questions series, where his sardonic humor delighted the perceptive and infuriated the smug. I do not think that he will keep away from a microphone in Canada for very long. He likes broadcasting, and broadcasting authorities have good reason to like him.

HE IS now 42. Short of a fatality he has years of creative work ahead. *The Cruel Sea* was not a flash in the pan, although it brought his name to a world reading public, as opposed to a selective one, for the first time. It was, in fact, his tenth book and has now sold just on a million copies. The people he really dislikes are those who slap him jovially on the back and say: "What luck hitting the jack-pot first time!"

The Cruel Sea was the result of personal experience and a mastery of the craft of writing achieved through 20 years of consistent, disciplined practice. These two tangibles were allied to a program of work which nothing is allowed to interrupt.

He writes a minimum of 500 words a night, no matter what his engagements are or when he gets home. Without this basic industry, which makes demands on character known only to those who try to write, he would not have been able to fulfil his plan of a book a year. But when you meet him he will tell you that writing is only a hobby. Not even in the last two years of his fabulous success has he been tempted to make it a full-time occupation.

Monsarrat has always done a nine-till-five job. Since he joined the Information Office, that job has brought with it endless off-duty commitments which have bitten into his leisure in a way that must often have been exasperating. In Johannesburg he was at every party of significance. But

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he still wrote his 500 words a night.

His father, Keith Waldegrave Monsarrat, now retired, was one of Britain's most distinguished consulting surgeons; and he has more than average parental pride in his son's achievements, for he, too, is a writer. His austere publications include works like *Human Understanding and Its World*, and *Human Desires and The Fulfilment*.

One of the enduring things about Nicholas Monsarrat is his love for the sea. He writes rather than talks about it. The infatuation developed in his childhood when the family spent their holidays at Trearrdur Bay on the Welsh coast, and Nicholas and his brother Denys, who was killed in the last war, became enthusiastic members of the local sailing club. There he learned to handle their Myth class 14-footer *Ptah* in some of the filthiest weather that the Welsh coast can churn up.

Ptah was the smallest class of ship allowed to sail in open water. "I enjoyed it more than anything I had ever done before", he wrote in *My Brother Denys*. "The early sailing races especially had some element of simplicity and comradeship about them which made them blissfully enjoyable." Thus, in that corner of Wales, was bred the love of the sea that infuses every page of Monsarrat's story of the Battle of the Atlantic.

The holidays at Trearrdur Bay were recurring delights in the business of growing up. His home town was Liverpool, where he lived the sheltered and rather luxurious life common then to people of his background. In 1923 he went to Winchester, and after four years, which he describes as undistinguished, he went up to Cambridge to read law. The ultimate idea was to enter the office of a solicitor uncle in Nottingham as an articled clerk.

By 1932, the year after the great slump in Britain when the Monsarrat fortunes declined along with everybody else's, Nicholas had started work in Nottingham and was discovering that "the whole business of being a solicitor, with its frigid respectability and its calculated rake-off on human misfortune and embarrassment", was repulsive to him.

He decided to quit. Selling everything he owned except one suit and one pair of shoes, he disappeared into a Paddington slum with a typewriter, £10 and a half-finished novel. It was his 23rd birthday. He had made up his mind to learn how to write. Sometimes he went hungry in the process.

This rough chronological sequence brings us to the war, and the naval aspect of the battle which Monsarrat was later to chronicle with such skill. He started the war as a non-combatant stretcher bearer and then realized that pacifism was not enough. He joined the Royal Navy, and eventually commanded his own corvette.

An incident at the restaurant where Monsarrat lunched almost daily in Johannesburg reminds me of a typical aspect of his character. I had been away, and on returning I missed the head waiter who had looked after me for many years. I asked Nick where he was.

Didn't you know? Died of pneumonia a month ago. Of course, you were away. I went to the funeral. There weren't many of us. A couple of chaps—Ricardo here, and Michael—and one or two of the other waiters. Imagine! A lifetime as a headwaiter in Johannesburg and that's the way you end up. Material for a short story there."

Monsarrat was married in Johannesburg on Christmas Eve to Philippa Crosby, a well known and extremely attractive violet-eyed South African journalist. (His first marriage was dissolved.) Her personal servant, a maid who has been with her for many years, is flying to Canada from South Africa with the family dogs, a Sealyham and a poodle. Monsarrat is taking his silver-green Jaguar Mark VII with him, and a new Bentley will await him at Ottawa.

An amusing and unassuming talker, he can seldom be encouraged to talk about himself or his writing, although he is both expansive and revealing in print. Lockhart in *The Cruel Sea* is a vivid self-portrait.

He dresses in the best English tradition, has well-kept hands, will listen for hours to chamber music, smokes only cigars and serves the best champagne at his parties—and you never meet a dull person at them.

I don't doubt that Canada will find him as stimulating as South Africa did. His place in Johannesburg will not be filled easily.

MARGARET BRYANT

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Letter from Montreal

Frustration Among Telecasters

THIS winter in Montreal the most controversial subject has been television, an old story to Torontonians, older still to New Yorkers and Londoners who came to terms with the medium long ago and know, as those who write complaining letters about it to the Montreal press do not, that in television not even near-perfection is possible. After all, you can't edit a television show. You can't do any re-takes or make cuts or improve the timing once the show has been emitted. You can't erase a bad image or remove a blur. Mistakes are for keeps in TV and the only comfort vouchsafed to producers and performers who botch their jobs is the knowledge that though the world may note, it will not long remember what is said and done on a television screen.

Over and above the headaches common to TV production everywhere, Montreal has a few special ones of her own, and the chief of these is the problem created by the nature and composition of the local audience.

You probably remember the lyric from *Guys and Dolls* about "What's happening all over"—the guy that used to be something of a rover is now sitting at home in front of a television set.

If that were happening all over Montreal, the sleep of those in charge of producing television here would be easier than it probably is at the present time. But it's not. Montrealers are entering the television era with the caution of a bather inching his way into icy water, and their reluctance to dive in headlong has upset the calculations of more than one enterpriser who expected to float to fortune on a rising tide.

LAST YEAR it was expected that the beginning of this year would find at least a hundred thousand receiving sets in the Montreal area. There seemed good reason for this optimism. Greater Montreal has a population of more than a million and a half, and if to this number is added all those who live outside the city but within range of the television mast on Mount Royal, the potential audience is a considerable one. But the actual audience is only a tiny fraction of this whole.

There are less than forty thousand receiving sets in the Montreal area and most of them play to family audiences in living rooms. Moreover, the sale of new sets increases slowly, if at all.

A variety of reasons are given for this frustrating state of affairs. First, it is difficult if not impossible to tune in on American programs here, since we have no American station as close as Buffalo is to Toronto. Secondly, Mr. Duplessis not only imposes a censorship on our programs; he also bans them from the taverns.

So the infant industry in Quebec has an exquisitely tough problem in addition to the toughest problem of all, which has, of course, to do with justifying the enormous cost of producing any kind of television show. Those in charge of production must find out just what kind of people actually comprise the tiny audience and to do it is not so easy.

In the United States, when TV sets went first into taverns and cocktail lounges, it was easy to know who was watching and what kind of program would be popular. A tavern audience is unstable; it comes and goes and is unlikely to give its undivided attention to any program which lasts half an hour unless it offers something sensational or is broken up into sections like a variety show. The tavern trade generally wants prize fights, wrestling bouts and blondes. Mr. Duplessis's refusal to permit the new medium in taverns may make programming difficult, but from our point of view it was a wise decision. It has saved us from the dismal prospect of having to stare night after night at stumble bums beating each others' brains out, as New Yorkers did a few years ago.

THE MOST significant fact we do know about the present Montreal TV audience doesn't help the program directors at all.

Neither economic status nor educational background has any connection with the ownership of receiving sets. Response to the program I take part in once a week comes from such people as a corporation executive, a girl who sells cigarettes in a corner store, a notable lawyer, a man who delivers my laundry at the front door and the woman who sets my wife's hair in the beauty parlor of the Ritz.

So far I have yet to meet a college professor who owns a set or even ap-

proves [illegible] owning one, but with the exceptio[illegible] of this particular profession, TV in Montreal seems to cover a social a[illegible] economic cross-section of the pub[illegible] wide enough to satisfy the opinion[illegible] mplers of the Gallup Poll. The tro[illegible]le is that the coverage is so thin. A show aimed to please the lawyer not likely to please the cigarette girl.

This [illegible]rcumstance alone renders irrelevan[illegible] most of the complaints written [illegible] the press about the unsatisfactory [illegible]ture of Montreal television. The wri[illegible]s of complaining letters are merely [illegible]stating the ancient truth that one man[illegible] meat is another man's poison.

Equa[illegible] pointless is the argument that the quality of local TV would improve overnight if CBC would stop hogging the medium and turn it over to private stations.

This argument collapses the moment one stops to consider production costs. While CBC would doubtless welcome sponsors, and while sponsors might urge the CBC on to greater efforts, the fact remains that no sponsor, and no private station, could possibly afford to undertake the whole of the production costs in an area where less than forty thousand receiving sets are in operation.

The CBC, on the whole, is doing pretty well with a very difficult situation. It is trying to make its programs appeal to as broad an audience as possible and it is steadily improving the technical aspects of its productions.

The general opinion among set owners is that the quality of the shows improves month by month and most set owners keep tuning in long after the novelty of owning a set has worn off. In time even the professors may admit it into their homes.

One partial professor I know (myself) used to curse TV and prophesy that it would turn out to be the last murderous blow dealt to culture by technology. And so, indeed, it may be. But when I saw my first program, which wasn't even a good one, I was fascinated.

In time all the problems we have faced in Toronto and Montreal will arise in Vancouver and Halifax and other Canadian cities when more TV stations are opened. In each one of these places there will be particular local difficulties which will have to be solved, for TV is a much more tricky thing technically than radio and is much more influenced by local conditions.

But Montreal has one problem that is unique and will remain so. Our programs are divided between two languages and at the moment there are more shows in French than in English. Thus, through no fault of its own, television in Montreal may achieve a dignity it has signally failed to reach anywhere else. It may become educational.

Two centuries of living side by side with their French-speaking compatriots has thus far failed to breed in our English-speaking children any marked enthusiasm for learning the French language. But children, more than any other segment of the population, are fascinated by TV and if a receiving set is in their homes they abhor the thought that it should not be put to use. Since the French programs for children outnumber the English programs four to three, and since so far there is no American competition, thousands of youngsters in west-end Montreal are tuning in on French shows *faute de mieux*. How ironic it will be, and how delightful, if they become eager to learn some French in spite of themselves!

HUGH MACLENNAN

Sailors' Reliability

(Letter in The New Statesman and Nation)

Sir,—I understand from the press that British sailors putting into American ports are to be subjected to a test for political reliability.

Your readers must be aware that certain opinions are current—nay, are encouraged—in America which are not to the best interests of this country. I therefore suggest that American seamen visiting our ports be invited to subscribe to the following oath: "I,———, do hereby swear that I have never, at any time, been associated with any political party entertaining views incompatible with the institution of Monarchical Government."

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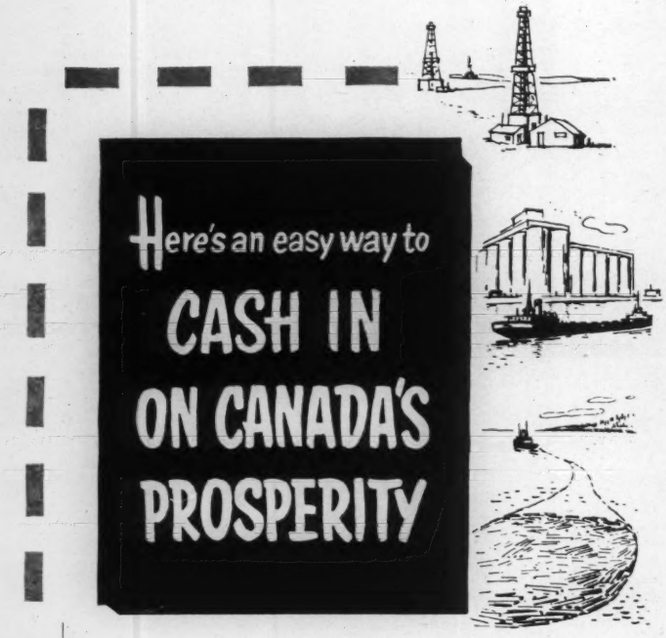

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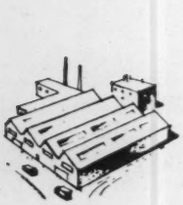

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Books

The Full-armed Theatre Critics

MAX BEERBOHM, so far as I know, is the only theatre critic who approached his work with a frank confession that he did not greatly care for going to the play; yet his courtesy toward actors and authors rarely failed him. The others, to a man, protest their devotion to the theatre and their desire to uplift her; they show this devotion by attacking the theatre's servants with everything from the lofty abuse of the well-bred to the jeers of the vulgarian.

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

How right Byron was! Again with the exception of Beerbohm theatre critics set about their job without the slightest sense of insufficiency. An actor or a playwright may be a beginner, and they will be quick to tell him so, but a critic appears to begin his work full-armed.

Five books of theatre criticism are at hand today, and they make a curious study. First of all we have collections of newspaper pieces by J. C. Trewin of the *London Observer* and T. C. Worsley of the *New Statesman and Nation*. The widespread enthusiasm for the theatre in our time explains their appearing at all, for though both gentlemen write well, they do not write so well that we value their books for that fact alone. They are able to gather and re-publish their criticisms because thousands of people who are far from the London theatre are sufficiently interested in keeping up with it to buy and read such books. Mr. Trewin writes of the period 1949-52 and Mr. Worsley the period 1947-51, so that quite a number of important productions are reviewed in both books. It is interesting to compare the opinions of two of the best critics of the English theatre in our day.

MR. TREWIN is the milder of the two. When acting or play does not please him (which is most of the time) he writes more in sorrow than in anger. That actors cannot speak verse, that playwrights fumble their third acts, that classics are misunderstood —these are afflictions which he bears with a wan and rueful charm. He loves to quote, and delights particularly in that favorite English form of literary fun, the Concealed or Booby-Trap Quotation. From his comfortable free seat he does all that a Hired Beefer can do to make the theatre better, which is little. Yet one senses that he loves the theatre, and is capable of enjoyment, and that when he can forget his own favorite character role of Professional Cornishman, he is one of the best critics of our time.

Mr. Worsley writes better than Mr. Trewin, but he does not see as straight. His prose has that note of persistent, educated grievance which marks the *New Statesman*. Born three centuries ago he would undoubtedly have been an Anabaptist divine, rushing through Bartholomew Fair to upset the puppet-shows. He dares the actors: please me if you can! He admonishes the playwrights: I'll show you where you're wrong! He is a tireless schoolmaster, waving his birch-rod. With a license which would not be tolerated in any other form of criticism, he says rude things about actors' faces. Oh, he is a terror, is Mr. Worsley, and one wonders if he has ever attempted any sort of creative work; but one stops wondering almost before one has begun, for no man would write thus who had ever exposed any part of his mind or spirit to the public view. His book makes very good reading, for now that a chicken-hearted legal system has done away with public torture and execution, theatre criticism is all that is left to gratify the sadist in us all.

JOHN MASON BROWN is probably the most popular of theatre critics in the U.S.A., and understandably so, for he is keenly appreciative of what is good, and censures what is bad without drawing too much blood. Reading the book under review, a Canadian may indiscreetly wish that Mr. Brown might be transported to London and Mr. Worsley to New York, for Mr. Brown does not have enough to criticize that is worthy of his abilities. His style is an easy, conversational one, but deeply artful for all that, and to read him is like listening to the improvisations of a first-rate talker. What a pity that he has none of the classical revivals—Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Sheridan, Colman, Shaw and so forth — to write about, which so crowd the theatre-calendars of Trewin and Worsley. But it is his fate to chronicle small beer (that is a Trewin Booby-Trap Quotation) most of the time. There ought to be a trans-Atlantic exchange system for critics.

Raymond Williams is a critic of a different kind, for he deals not with the daily work of the theatre, but with the trends of a century. His *Drama from Ibsen to Eliot* is, in effect, a plea for an eloquent and poetic theatre. He states his case

clearly and he argues admirably. That I found him completely convincing must be attributed, in part, to the fact that I agreed with all his major conclusions before I opened his book; but I think others who do not subscribe so readily to the idea of a poetic theatre will be persuaded by him. He lays somewhat too great a stress on the place of the playwright in the theatre; it is a great place, of course, but great playwrights must have their work completed by great actors and great directors. To set the playwright above all, and to reduce the other theatre workers to journeymen, was the heresy of Yeats, and it would have helped Yeats to learn a few things from his colleagues. An actor can often do more with a look than a playwright can do with a page of talk, and the playwright who forgets that fact has not learned his business.

Mr. Williams, like so many critics, cannot resist a bit of teaching. Most of the tips and handy hints he gives to Eliot and Fry and the others are helpful and good, but when will critics learn that it is not a man's faults which stand between him and greatness? It is the stature of his talents which lifts him to greatness or leaves him short of it. Every playwright of great quality has had countless faults and bad habits—and the great abilities which put them in perspective. The mere correction of faults will not make Christopher Fry a great poetic dramatist; only the fullest realization of himself—a work which Fry and God will accomplish or fail in without the help of the Trewins or Worsleys or Williamses of this world—will do that.

Critics—O Critics, dear, good, well-meaning creatures that you are—when will you realize that you cannot teach artists anything of the slightest importance, once they have learned their technique? Only God and themselves can better them. Why don't you just sit quietly on your toadstools, recording and appreciating when you can, and deprecating when you can't, while the giants above you struggle to touch the stars?

Some of the best reading in the whole shelf which is occupied by the collected works of Bernard Shaw is contained in the three volumes of theatre criticism. The Oxford University Press, in the World's Classics—that best and most delightful of reprint libraries—has gathered some of the gems from these books in a collection called *Plays and Players*. This is criticism by a man who was himself an artist. Strongly personal, violently unfair, abusive and occasionally self-seeking, this is still great criticism and great reading, for it sharpens the appetite for the theatre, and refreshes and exalts the spirit.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

A PLAY TONIGHT—by J. C. Trewin—pp. 211 and index—*S. J. Reginald Saunders*—$4.00.

THE FUGITIVE ART—by T. C. Worsley—pp. 256—indexed and illustrated — *Longmans, Green*—$3.75.

AS THEY APPEAR—by John Mason Brown—pp. 247 and index—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.75.

DRAMA FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT—by Raymond Williams — pp. 277 and index — *Clarke, Irwin*—$3.25.

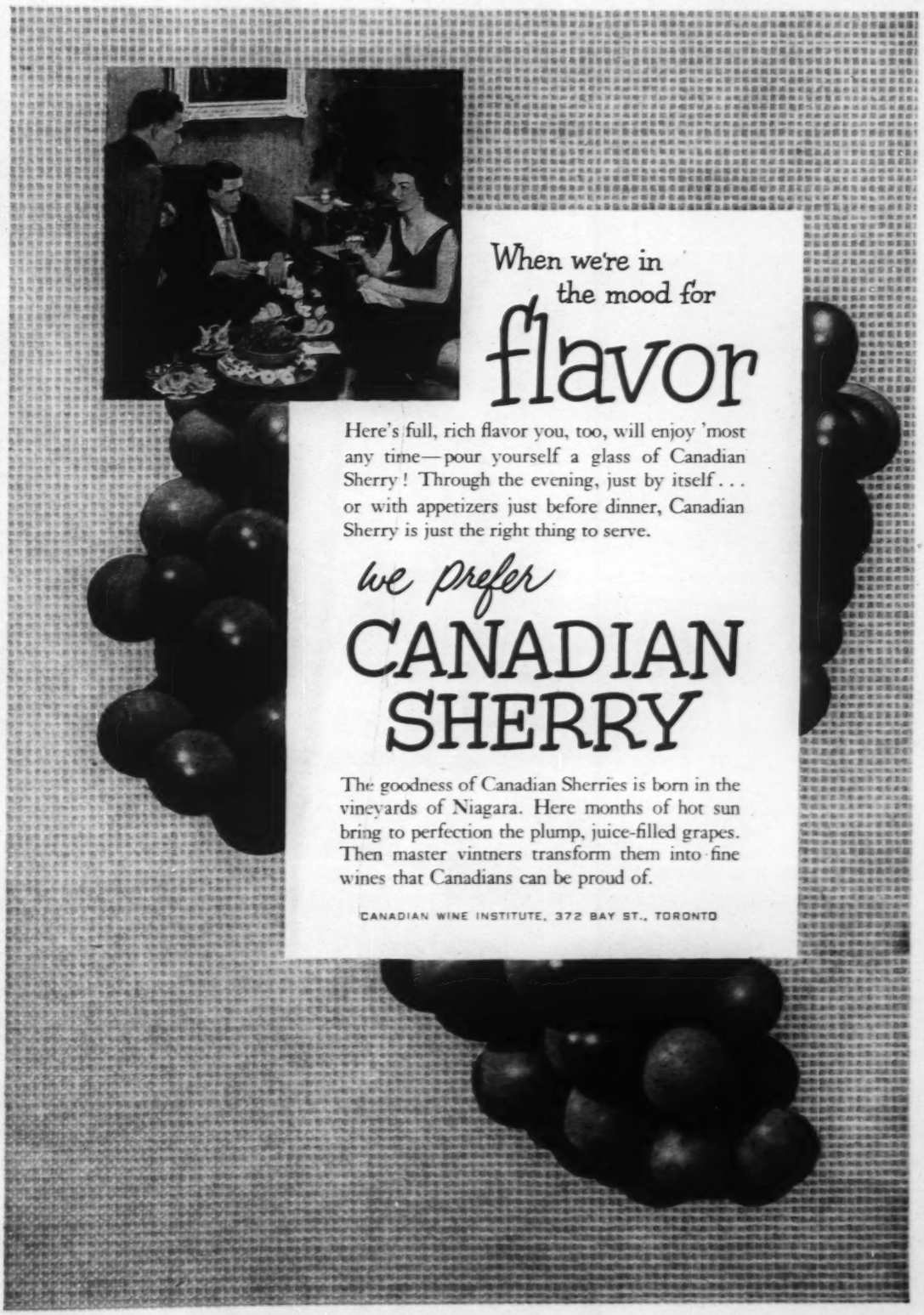
PLAYS AND PLAYERS—by Bernard Shaw—pp. 342 and index—*Oxford Press*—$1.25.

In Brief

CANADIAN REGIONS—by Putnam, Brouillette, Kerr and Robinson—pp. 601—*Dent*—$9.00.

Up-to-date as the 1951 census and the proposal to irrigate South Saskatchewan, this new Canadian geography is primarily a textbook. The dull-looking, close-packed double columns, the diagrams and the wads of information say so. So does the price. It is a vastly different "geography" from this reviewer's senior school days when boundaries, climate, agriculture, chief rivers, industries and cities were the functional packages for memorizing. In fact, the book airs something as modern as the "functional zones" of cities, and the Canadian north. It is Canadian geography without quotation marks. The relations of settlement, soil, commerce and communication to Canada's history and the growth of cities are studied. Yet the treatment is specific enough to include sketches of small cities.

Professor Donald F. Putnam of the University of Toronto, general editor, has the assistance of Professors Benoit Brouillette of the University of Montreal (chapters on Quebec), Donald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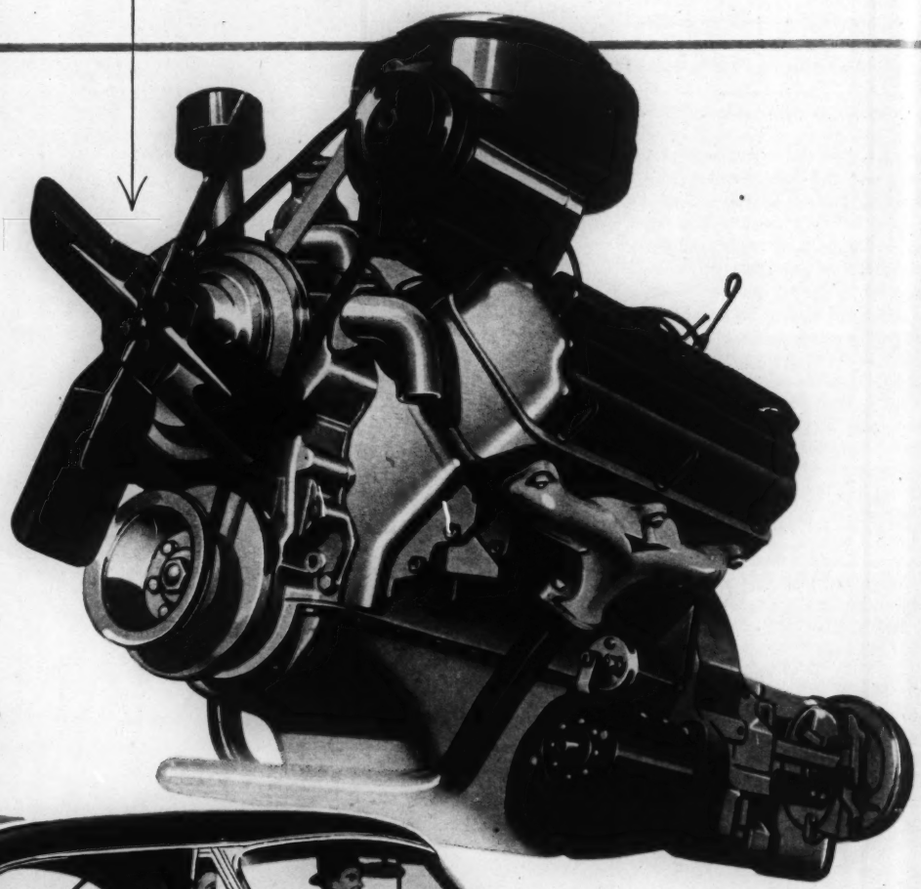

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The[illegible]ext deals first with the physical backg[illegible]und and then separately with the re[illegible]ons from Newfoundland and Labra[illegible]r west to British Columbia and [illegible]rth to the Arctic. There are concl[illegible]ing chapters on Canadian productio[illegible] commercial activity and problems [illegible]d trends in national development.

On[illegible]ould wish that livelier human geogr[illegible]hy had occupied the space taken [illegible]y such statistics as the "Regional Distribution of Wholesale Trade [illegible]941". Which indicates, by the way, [illegible]at the book has long been in prepa[illegible]tion and that the 1951 census caught [illegible]he authors on their final drafts.

MONSO[illegible]ON QUARTER—by Marion Lowndes—pp. 2[illegible]9—Ryerson—$3.50.

The impossible is not achieved in this novel, well painted, humanly interesting though it is, with a remarkable central male character. A woman may write a lush romance set in a lonely tropical island; she cannot write a Conrad adventure story. No psychological whirlwind is reaped in the monsoon quarter of the year before Tempe Jarvis, half mad, is taken off the coral island of Telor, New Guinea, beyond reach of its solitary other white inhabitant Kurt Long, the oddly cultured czar of the place.

A recent New England widow, Tempe is supposed to be collecting butterfly specimens, her late husband's work. Kurt has no truck with missionary kindness toward natives and no moral crises such as afflict Tempe, who is able to recall Maine or Alabama parallels to succour her. Kurt proclaims to Tempe that he is as like a monk as a monk should be. Kurt continues to be monkish and Tempe only collects butterflies in her tummy.

Therein is the flaw in this story; there is no lay of romance.

MY BROTHER BILL—a biography of General Mitchell by Ruth Mitchell — pp. 344 — McLeod—$5.00.

General Mitchell became a hero of the American people because he defied authority, was court-martialed, and his propaganda for a strong, unified U.S. military air force was apparently justified by the early events of the war. But General Mitchell was many people's hero even before his death in February, 1936. This biography by his sister seeks to canonize one who was not quite martyred. It is a [illegible]te effort to reclaim to popular glory [illegible]e path from General to Private. [illegible]neral MacArthur has swept by since, and President Truman has demonstrated that the U.S. is not a military or Fascist enclave.

THE SILENT WORLD—by J. Y. Cousteau—pp. 266—Musson—$4.50.

Awe and beauty are two sides of wonder; therefore this book is truly wonderful. It is about the silent world undersea and men swimming effortlessly as fish at depths to 306 feet, the record achieved by Frederic Dumas who helped write it.

Captain Cousteau and his Navy Undersea Research Group walk the decks of ships sunk centuries ago, retrieve Greek marbles from an argosy which foundered about 80 BC, playfully wrestle with octopuses, photograph sharks two feet from their mouths, bring up hundred-pound lobsters, and glide through subsea caves risking and losing life. The "menfish" adventurers soar and swim, sometimes in a dangerous euphoria, for water relieves everyday burdens of gravity, in depths where their blood flows green.

The exploits and the book are possible because of a compressed air, three-cylinder diving lung invented by the author and another Frenchman in 1943. This automatically gives them regulated breaths for an hour. "Human tissue is almost incompressible. We have swum without armor in pressures that have cracked submarine hulls. They did not have the necessary counter-pressure supporting them on the inside". Captain Cousteau has the internal pressure, from breathing compressed air. He finds oxygen dangerous.

The hundred photographs, 20 of them in full color, are exotic, startling and beautiful. They were taken with pressurized cameras and flashbulbs. The book is not a translation. The author, a French naval officer, went to school in the States when he was a youth and has lectured on this continent.

WHEN THE GODS ARE SILENT — by Mikhail Soloviev (translated from the Russian)—pp. 506—Musson—$3.95.

Russian novels have a way of being important. They have something deep to say. This is not only because the Russian bogey has been a spectre on the American continent since 1917. The oppressive size, climate and rulers of Russia have somehow power to engender art. This is an important Russian novel—long, sombre, soul-searching like Dostoevsky, heroically nationalistic like Tolstoi. Nevertheless, it begins with 1917 when its chief figure, Marc Surov was a child of the Revolution, and takes him through the subsequent thirty years of the greatest upheaval of our age.

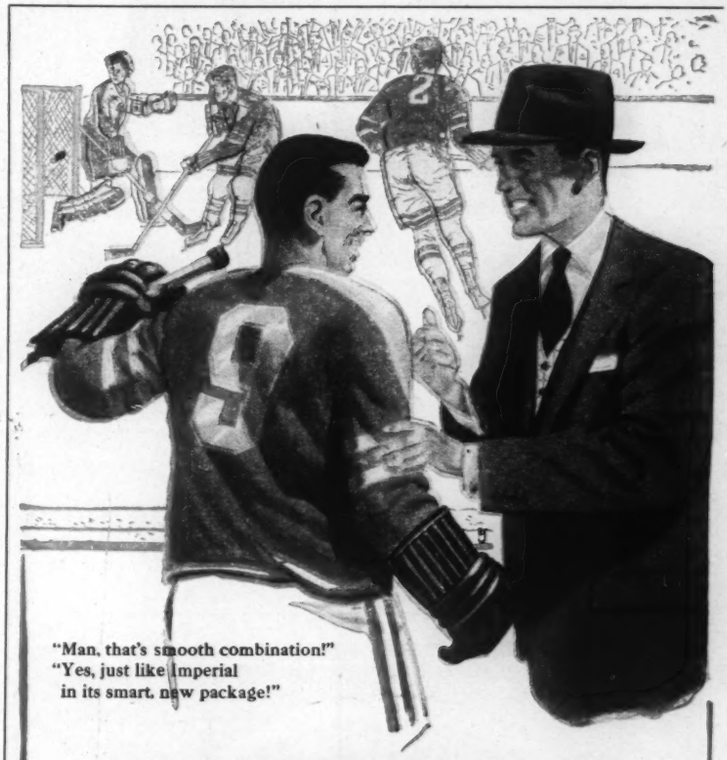
The novel is a document of the human Russian spirit under, betrayed by and surmounting harsh rule. It has tenderness and the light of a Russian world wider, deeper and more enduring that Stalin's. The author at 44 has escaped the bonds of the creed into which he grew. Soloviev served on the editorial staff of *Izvestia*, the USSR newspaper, and in the Russian army during the war. In 1945 he found refuge in Austria, and in 1951 in the U.S.A.

FORMOSA — by Josephy W. Ballantine — pp. 218—Burns & MacEachern—$3.75.

The intelligent wealth of the United States fortunately produces such pertinent studies as this; calm authoritative and direction-finding. It is published by the Brookings Institute of Washington, founded in 1927 for research and education in the social sciences. No more timely book can be published this month, in view of the new American policy toward Formosa and Chiang-Kai-shek's troops on the island. The expert author has undoubtedly influenced that policy. He says in the last chapter:

"While it may be important to the United States to keep the development of an armistice in Korea absolutely divorced from the question of Formosa, it is equally important to the Chinese Communists to bring the two together; and, to many members of the United Nations, the American position regarding Formosa might be made to appear prejudicial to the efforts to achieve a settlement in Korea". This was written last year.

T. J. A.



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The Passing Show

Drop-Forged Party Names

SINCE BRITISH COLUMBIA elected its Social Credit government, the newspapers have had to refer more often to the party and its followers. The designation Social Crediters is too long for newspaper headlines, so that the name has been placed in the drop-forge of editorial judgment and emerged as Socreds.

Now, to me B.C. Socreds suggests a variety of salmon. The party is, I am told, very anxious to avoid any fishy connotation. If so, it can regret the choice of a name like Social Credit.

Lest I be accused of using the Socred herring for political ends, I make the same charge against the CCF. A follower of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation cannot even be fused, like the Socred, but comes out as three initials with a tail: CCFer.

Since these two parties are the youngest to attain prominence in Canadian politics, it may not be too soon to deplore the way party names are going. What is becoming of good old names like Liberal and Conservative? It just so happens I can answer that.

Liberal and Conservative describe qualities of the character of the individual. Social Credit and Canadian Commonwealth Federation are names of movements, to which the individual is subservient. You see where I'm headed? You see the deeper significance of what you thought was going to be just another light piece? You think maybe I should quit while I'm ahead?

LET US look further. Let us agree that the names Liberal and Conservative not only describe traits of individual character but denote nicely the two main currents of government: that which emphasizes change for the better, but still wishes to retain what is good, and that which emphasizes retention of what is good, but still desires change for the better. The names were, and are, admirably flexible. In some hands they have been almost limp. If, however, the names Canadian Commonwealth Federation and Social Credit League are longer and more rigid, they suffer from a certain brittleness.

The same religious rigidity is found in National Socialism, Communism and Labor. To the confusion of stalactites and stalagmites is added Britain's Laborites; that is, members of a party named not after a general principle but after a particular section of the population. We also have Bevanites, a nasty splinter off the plank.

Have we enough evidence to indicate that, in the genesis of new political parties, the trend is away from the individual politician towards the political philosophy? Are we losing the vague but colorful designation of Whig and Tory, and with it the Canadian politician preserved in group tintypes of fifty years ago, dauntless of eye, full of beard, the hand placed across the chest in that Napoleonic position that added dignity and at the same time enabled him to hang onto his wallet?

The reader may feel that I am building too large a hypothesis on mere party names. "What's in a name?" somebody may ask. Well, *something*, evidently, since it was felt necessary to change the perfectly honest name Conservative into Progressive-Conservative, thereby introducing the hyphen into Canadian politics and necessitating the editorial surgery that has left us with Pro-Cons, a fractious union of prefixes that suggests nothing but irresolution.

PROGRESSIVE-CONSERVATIVE was the clumsy answer to the vogue of the welfare state. Now that the pendulum is swinging back to status quo and Ike has moved in next door, it may be considered judicious to rename the governing party to Liberal-Preservative or some such. I hope not. Such compounding of names is merely a stick to prop the reed whose most useful attribute is its ability to bend with the wind.

Instead, I should prefer to see a return to party names that favor the political renegade, the enlightened rebel who works best with a minimum of party line and a maximum of freedom to examine each issue on its merits. When I found my political party I shall call it something like the Jolts, something the right length for a newspaper headline and general enough for the entire party to do an about face if the road gets too rough.

Meantime, you can tell from my proud and independent bearing that I'm holding onto my wallet.

ERIC NICOL

•

Snow Scene

Winterlight wonderful
Shines from the snowlapping
Shoulders of drifts.
Bounties of brightness lie
Wide-flung to edge the sky;
Blue spreads above the white
Long-gathered lifts.
None loves it more than I,
Harvesting heartfuls high
Bareness and snow-shaft brig
Watching from light to light
Where the flake sifts.

Toronto J. C. GROVER

Films

Entertainment in Depth

AFTER ALL the advance excitement, Three D came into town practically on tiptoe, with a group of modest short subjects in three dimensions rounding out a two-dimensional program.

Equipped with our polaroid glasses, we sat back while an agreeable voice from the shrouded screen instructed us in the use of the glasses and in the basic principles of Three D. The voice took leave, the short subjects came on and played for twenty-five minutes, at varying intervals of space, in front of our noses. When they faded out the voice returned, urging us to restore our polaroid glasses to the management, which would have them disinfected for future use.

All this, though novel and interesting, still left one feeling that while the proper sterilization of polaroid glasses may avert the danger of pink eye it won't necessarily save Hollywood from the threat of Television.

The Three D program included two Norman McLaren films, *Now is the Time* and *Around is Around*, with an English travelogue, *The Royal River*.

The Norman McLaren exercises presented a number of brightly colored, vaguely related designs in depth. *Now is the Time* looked, at moments, like an animated stretch of attractively designed foulard, but *Around is Around* had a slightly more imaginative quality, and reminded me of those writhing and dissolving shapes which sometimes accompany a return trip under ether. *Royal River*, a travelogue description of the Thames in England, is a modern version of old-fashioned parlor stereoscopic entertainment.

All this, together with the curved cineramic screen, represents an impressive technical advance. But the story of the movies is studded with technical innovations, and mechanical ingenuity, however interesting in itself, doesn't stand the wear and tear of everyday use in the entertainment field. There is always some new wonder just around the corner and the public is infinitely capricious. The new three-dimensional film practically takes us into its lap; but once we have accustomed ourselves to this odd position we are bound to demand some new diversion, or we'll go looking for it somewhere else.

It isn't enough, indefinitely, to be at such close quarters with the screen's lovelies that you feel you could, if you were that type of movie patron, ornament them with moustaches; or to have Comedians Martin and Lewis playing right about your ears; or to find yourself practically nose to nose with Ma and Pa Kettle. After a few of these experiences the new Three D technique might easily come to stand for Thrice Damned in the mind of anyone but an adolescent.

The screen badly needs an extra dimension. But it should, one feels, be that special dimension of the imagination which has nothing to do with mechanical invention. Gadgets themselves won't fill the bill—not with the century's super-gadget threatening the Industry from house-tops.

With every month that passes, it will probably become more difficult for Hollywood to challenge television as a mass medium. Under these circumstances, it would be sensible for the Industry to shift ground and begin to produce better pictures; that is, pictures filled with fresh and invigorating ideas that make no compromise with the prejudices and conventions of mass entertainment. We may be sure that Hollywood, which has lived so long and luxuriously on mass-entertainment, won't take this step till the last possible moment. In the end, however, it might conceivably work out as a sort of salvation, the response of grace under pressure, an experience that is rarely accepted with enthusiasm in its initial stages.

MEANWHILE the industry is coasting along with such perfunctory offerings as *All On Shore, Taxi* and *Stop You're Killing Me*.

All On Shore, which accompanied the Three D demonstration, features Mickey Rooney, Ray McDonald and Dick Haymes, as a trio of sailors on the loose at Catalina. Dick Haymes sings, Ray McDonald dances, Mickey Rooney mugs, and a large part of the time I dozed . . . *Taxi* presents Dan Dailey as a sentimental New York taxi driver who befriends an Irish Colleen (Constance Smith), just off the boat. Dan Dailey is truculent, Constance Smith is winsome, with an intermittent Irish accent, and while the plot allowed occasional moments of comedy, the sugar content was dangerously high . . . *Stop You're Killing Me* is a remake, with musical comedy interpolations, of Damon Runyon's *A Slight Case of Murder*. The cast, which includes Broderick Crawford, Claire Trevor and a group of familiar screen pug-uglies, is tough, raffish and sentimental in the accepted Runyon tradition. *A Slight Case of Murder* was a very funny comedy in the days when Edward G. Robinson played the rueful Beer Baron Marko. It is still reasonably diverting when not interrupted by song and dance.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Members and their guests are requested not to bring their dogs or other pets to the Club. This request is made so as to avoid annoyance to the majority of the members.—*Notice in a club magazine.*

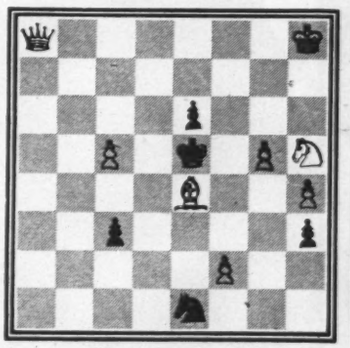
But let's annoy some of the people.

Chess Problem

BACK LAST November Alfred Clement Challenger was elected president of the British Chess Problem Society, an expression of regard for a composer now eighty years old. Challenger was born in South Lambeth on Oct. 27, 1872, and is a retired post office official.

Challenger's reputation rests mainly on the three-mover, though the popular two-mover has had his attention, particularly in early task ideas. His output was curtailed by a long illness, lasting from 1914 to 1930, and now amounts to 400 problems.

Problem No. 5, By A. C. Challenger
Black—Five Pieces



White—Eight Pieces

White to play and mate in three

A good percentage of Challenger's problems were contributed to the London *Observer* and the *Morning Post*, but occasionally he entered them in competition. About thirty of them have been honored in composing tourneys, and he has won twelve firsts with three-movers, and half that number with two-movers. Few of them have appeared in the press in America. His three-mover above is a pleasing lightweight, with three model mates and two others near models.

Solution of Problem No. 4

Key-move 1.R-K2, waiting

If PxQ; 2.KtxP mate. If P-QB3; 2.Kt-B7 mate. If P-QB4; 2.Q-B6 mate. If PxQP; 2.QxP mate. If PxKt; 2.BxP mate; If P-KB3; 2.Kt-K7 mate. If P-KB4; 2.R-K5 mate. If PxKtP; 2.RxQ mate.

We give just the eight Pickaninny theme variations. The black Q is controlled by a possibility of three mates; if Q-B3; 2.B-Kt2 mate. The key is strong, but essential to prevent "cooks," the term for other solutions.

"CENTAUR"

•

Vancouver aldermen decided that travel is too broadening to city taxes.

Following the policy adopted last year, City Council will limit civic officials to conventions and meetings in B.C., Washington and Oregon.

The ban does not apply to aldermen.

Last year, travel bills for officials totalled $5,800, compared to $12,000 in 1951.

The ban means that comptroller Frank Jones, who watches city finances like a hawk, won't get to the municipal officers' convention in Miami, Florida, this year.—*Vancouver Sun*

Pity.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 99

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending 31st March, 1953, payable by cheque dated 15th April, 1953, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 31st March, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary

Vancouver, B.C.
26th February, 1953.

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
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Sports

The Disappearing Act

WHEN Mysterious Max Bentley lammed out of Toronto recently, his disappearance failed to stir your correspondent unduly. Obviously my own reaction wasn't the norm, for the event caused near-hysteria in the Toronto press. One journal, shaken to its very rotary presses, headlined Mr. Bentley's unscheduled departure on the front page and, suddenly, this simple farm-boy from Delisle, Sask., discovered that his private life was being publicized as fully as the affairs of a dictator, a prime minister or a New York prostitute.

A man in almost any other business can quit his job without breaking into big black type, but at least one Toronto paper treated Bentley's flight as a national catastrophe. It is likely that Bentley had realized the ultimate futility of pursuing a little rubber disc and attempting to shoot it into a corded net.

There have been many sportive gentlemen who have emulated the late Harry Houdini and have caused themselves to disappear temporarily. Even in the world of professional hockey, these occurrences have been far from rare.

There was, for instance, the evening when the Regina Capitals of the Western Canada Hockey League were leaving Vancouver after having beaten the Vancouver Maroons in the first game of the western playoffs.

After the train had left Vancouver, Owner Wes Champ went through the Regina team's private sleeping-car to count noses. To his intense surprise and chagrin, he discovered that he was short two noses. To be exact, he was short two bodies and those bodies belonged to Emory "Spunk" Sparrow and Ambrose Jason Moran, two of his sturdier athletes.

When Sparrow and Moran arrived in Regina 24 hours behind their teammates, they explained it quite easily. They had been sitting in the sleeping-car, awaiting the train's departure when, simultaneously, they were overcome by a desire for a cup of coffee. They strolled up to the station restaurant and, when they returned, they were shocked — nay, stunned — to discover that the train had left them behind.

The coffee must have been strong because the eyes of Messrs. Sparrow and Moran still were frightfully bloodshot after 36 hours of rest on the train.

The late Carroll Boucher was a member of that famous Ottawa family of hockey players. One night, he stepped out of the house, saying that he was going down to the corner to buy a loaf of bread. He didn't come back for seven years. They kept his place set at the table and, at the end

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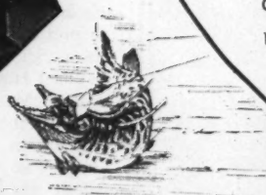

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24W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

of the seven years, he returned. He brought the loaf of bread, too.

There was a prominent hockey coach who disappeared — and I mean disappeared — in the short distance between Montreal's Windsor Street Station and the Montreal Forum. He had been summoned from Windsor, where he was coaching the Montreal Maroons' farm club. When he detrained at Windsor Street a red-cap told him that the morning *Gazette* had a story in which it was revealed that he was being brought to Montreal to take over the coaching of the Maroons.

Well, he never reached the Forum. In all probability, he picked up a copy of the *Gazette* and was able to confirm the story concerning his future. In all probability, too, his eyes noticed the standings of the teams in the National Hockey League and he saw that the Maroons were in last place.

When Al Sutphin owned the Cleveland Barons, of the American Hockey League, he was a gay and colorful fellow. He was fond of surrounding himself with carefree companions and travelling to distant cities. On one of the excursions, he became very fond of a Bible salesman whom he met in a bistro, and he insisted that the Bible salesman accompany him on the remainder of the trip.

When the Bible salesman came out of the fog some days later, he found himself approximately 1,000 miles off-course, penniless and, apparently, out of a job.

Mr. Sutphin remedied the situation immediately. He gave the salesman an order for 5,000 Bibles, stuffed a wad of money into the man's pocket and sent him happily on his way. For many years to come, Sutphin's friends were surprised to receive Bibles as Christmas gifts.

One of the fabled heroes of American football was Pat O'Dea, the Australian who played for the University of Wisconsin. He had played English rugby and was notably proficient with the drop-kick. As a matter of fact, he dropped the longest goals in the history of American football and he was a campus idol but, one night, he just disappeared.

He turned up at a college reunion 30 years later, and was quite surprised to learn that any one had missed him. Then, just as abruptly as he had returned, he disappeared again.

By the way, whatever became of Mysterious Montague and Titanic Thompson? Montague was the fabulous trick-shot specialist who made a spectacular appearance on the golf fairways about 15 years ago. Playing with rakes, hoes and other unorthodox equipment, he won large wagers from duffers on the West Coast and he became the playmate of Bing Crosby and other motion picture notables. He slipped from the sport pages quickly when some nosy Easterner, who recognized Montague's picture, recalled that he had been connected with some rather unsavory business dealings.

Titanic Thompson was — and, I suppose, still is — North America's most successful confidence man and he was an athlete of sorts. One of his favorite pieces of larceny was to bet a professional baseball player that he could throw a peanut farther than the ball-player could throw one. Ti invariably won these bets. To be truthful, he could have thrown a peanut over a very tall building, because Thompson always had the foresight to load *his* peanut shells with chunks of lead.

Speaking of disappearances, there was a salesman who once disappeared with the Edmonton Eskimos of the Western Canada Hockey League. This particular salesman boarded the train at Edmonton and wandered into the Esks' private car. The Eskimos of that period were such stalwart chaps as Duke Keats, Barney Stanley, Bullet Joe Simpson, Ty Arbour and Rube Brandow.

A poker game was in progress and the salesman was flattered mightily when he was invited to take a hand. Before the long night was over, he had cleaned out the entire team and, while he was counting the money, there was a council of war. The hockey gladiators decided that they loved their salesman pal so dearly that they would prevail upon him to accompany them on their road trip. Upon their insistence, he stopped off at Saskatoon while they played a game there, and then he took a berth in the team's private car as they journeyed to Regina. On the way to Regina, he accepted markers for the next week's pay and he was still winning. Just to make sure that they didn't lose him in Regina, the players put a case of whiskey in his hotel room and provided a merry female companion to keep him happy while they were playing their game against the Capitals. They carried him aboard the train, heading for Calgary; they propped him upright and dealt the cards for the poker game.

Just as the train pulled to a stop in Calgary, the hockey players had re-won all their money and the salesman was impoverished. Additionally, the salesman was still foxed with the grape. In his happy state, he didn't worry over the fact that he should have been calling on the trade in Saskatoon. He had become the very dear pal of all these splendid hockey players and, indeed, they were the finest friends that a man could have.

He followed his dear pals to their Calgary hotel room and soon there was a good deal of roistering and a bottle was produced for his pleasure and, soon, a young lady came into the room. Seeing that he was among pals, the salesman tottered up to the young lady and bussed her soundly.

One of his dear hockey-playing pals grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around.

"Sir," said his dear hockey-playing pal, "that's my sister."

With which he broke the salesman's jaw and threw him out of the hotel room.

The moral of this little story is: if you're supposed to be in Saskatoon, don't travel with the Edmonton Eskimos.

JIM COLEMAN

●

Furnished room, witch kitchen—*Toronto Star.*

Something brewing there.

Business

"Trade Not Aid" Means Price Props

BEHIND the brave British slogan of "Trade Not Aid" lies the grim realization that the boom in commodity prices, generated by the Korean war, has fallen flat on its face. For the sterling area, that group of nations bound together in trade by the pound sterling, it poses a dual problem: how to maintain the dollar earnings produced by the huge demand for raw materials such as wool, copper, tin, jute and rubber by the American defence production machine; and how to dispose of the threatening surpluses induced by the high prices once offered.

This problem is not just a sterling area concern but a world wide one. Brazilian cotton, Canadian wheat and American oil supplies hang heavy on the markets. Commodities such as these enter into the everyday life of everyone. The wool in your suit may have come from Australia, the tin for your can of beans from Malaya and the jute from your sack of potatoes from Pakistan.

In this year of the great "too much", consumers will welcome bargains, but the threat of further price declines is just as real a problem to the lead and zinc producer in British Columbia as it is to the American corn farmer or the cocoa grower in West Africa. And, each one's spending is determined by what he earns. If the American farmer eats less chocolate the less chance there will be that the African planter will buy a new car from Detroit or Oshawa, which likely will have ornaments made from Canadian zinc.

In the days before World War II these simple factors of demand actually governed the amount of world trade that flowed over and around the tariff barriers erected during the depression years of the thirties.

Britain emerged from the war into the artificial climate of the experiments of the Labor Party. With much of Europe engaged in similar experiments and the economies of these nations propped up by American aid in various forms, the devices so dear to the hearts of the planners (such as import quotas, synthetic values for currencies and exchange controls) effectively tangled trade in a mad mesh of regulations.

Only in the last few months has Britain junked some of these economic hobbles and reopened some of the exchanges to allow free trading in some commodities like lead, zinc and tea. And, as the dust has been swept from these long disused exchanges that once made London the pricing center of the world, some of the old magic has returned. Now New York prices are adjusted to London prices.

In North America, price controls soon evaporated after the war. The advent of Korea gave the New Deal planners another glorious opportunity to meddle with the market processes, but price controls were not applied until prices had been well advanced by scare buying and most price ceilings were placed high enough that they did not materially interfere with production. Copper was a notable exception to this and the now abolished ceiling price of 24½ cents a pound effectively reduced American production of the metal while imports came rolling in at 36 cents.

One of the features of price controls is that ceiling prices tend to become floor prices. These artificial prices stimulate overproduction to meet the apparent demand and result in surpluses.

WE NOW have various discussions under way on these problems. In Washington, the British are proposing that the United States enter into a global price-propping plan. This, the argument runs, will keep dollar earnings up and permit eventual convertibility of the pound sterling.

Such price-propping would mean the continuation of the artificial situation which has produced these surpluses. Yet right at home, Mr. Eisenhower's Administration is struggling with a mountain of grains, cotton and other commodities that will require

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

Ashley & Crippen

JOHN B. PARKIN—"Disciplined" architect.

Who's Who in Business

UNLIKE a painter or a novelist, an architect's work is not signed with the creator's name for all to see. No flamboyant signature or flattering photograph proclaims, "this is the man who's responsible".

But also unlike the work of an artist or writer, that of an architect is always out in the open for all to look at and judge, and it must be both decorative and useful.

At Oshawa, Ontario, there is an airy $700,000 secondary school which fulfils both these essential qualifications while—at the other end of the scale — the concrete shelters at Toronto's Bloor car terminal (which cost the TTC a mere $5,000 or so) also pass the dual test.

Both are the work of one of Canada's leading architectural firms, John B. Parkin Associates of Toronto, whose current contracts total almost $20 million, including a contract for the new Simpson-Sears organization.

In a triangular-shaped office building designed by himself, John Burnet Parkin, a soft-spoken architect with the manner and looks of a high school principal, presides over some 60 employees. An Honor graduate of the University of Toronto he worked in private and governmental architectural offices in England and Europe before returning to Toronto in 1938.

His 39-year-old brother Edmund Thornton Parkin, a graduate of Ontario Agricultural College in Landscape Architecture, joined him immediately as a partner and now acts as the firm's Director of Supervision on all projects in course of construction. Both were born in Hamilton, Ontario.

The third partner, Winnipeg-born John Cresswell Parkin (no relation) is 31, and an Honor graduate of the University of Manitoba who obtained his Master's Degree in Architecture from Harvard University and who joined the firm towards the end of the war.

IN THE FIELD of contemporary architecture in which the firm works there are two schools of thought:

1. "Organic architecture", a style that is best exemplified on this continent by Frank Lloyd Wright, a romantic who uses natural building materials and who—in Parkin's own words—"literally hews out of the ground";

2. "Disciplined architecture", personified by Van Der Rohe of Chicago, who designs a style of building which is precise and almost dispenses with curved lines.

Forty-one-year-old John B. and his partners, whose firm was incorporated in 1947, believe implicitly in the disciplined manner—an architecture of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

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WESTERN GROCERS LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDENDS

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared payable April 15th, 1953, to shareholders of record March 13th, 1953;

Thirty-five cents per share on the Preferred Shares $20 par $1.40 Series;
Fifty cents per share on the Class A Shares.

EBEN GOVAN,
Secretary.

Winnipeg, Man.
February 28, 1953.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 27"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending March 31st, 1953, payable April 20th, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 31st, 1953.

By Order of the Board,

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the Current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st APRIL, 1953

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 13th March, 1953.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager.

March 5th, 1953

POWER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED

The Board of Directors has declared the following dividend.

No par value Common Stock

No. 45. Quarterly 50c. per share, payable March 31st, 1953 to holders of record at the close of business on March 9th, 1953.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, February 27th, 1953.

Gold & Dross

Silver Miller

Glad to see Gold & Dross back on the pages again. How about Silver Miller? I would appreciate any comment you might care to offer—E. P., Toronto.

Silver Miller is apparently emerging from the difficulties that precipitated the big dispute in the management last Fall. Production so far has been maintained near the levels of last October, when 88,000 ounces of silver and 40,000 pounds of cobalt were produced.

Just what financial position the company is in is rather difficult to estimate until the annual report appears next summer or some data is released by the management. However, earnings for the coming year will be reduced when the Canadian Government guarantee of $2 per pound for cobalt is reduced to $1.40, and silver production will fall considerably unless some new ore is located.

If a new contract can be arranged with the Department of Defence in Washington to supply cobalt, the picture will brighten somewhat but this is still an indefinite proposition.

The present market price of 80 cents is recognition of the apparent difficulties the company is encountering, and offers an indication that earnings will approximate the 18 cents per share of the previous year.

Chesterville

I HAVE *some Chesterville Mines stock. I note they have sold their mining equipment to East Rim Nickel and that the share price has advanced somewhat. Do you think it would be advisable to get out at the present price or hang on for a while?—W. F. S., Sarnia, Ont.*

Chesterville is now in the position of having received $400,000 from the sale of the equipment, and working capital (at last report Dec. 1951) was $326,000. Thus it has $726,000, or some 36 cents per share in quick assets.

With this floor of value under the stock, we would be inclined to hold it; with these funds, the company could participate in a new venture that could add market attraction to the stock.

Canada Steamship

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES *is now quoted 78-80. Owing to the low dividend rate would you advise selling, and why?—G. E. Victoria, B.C.*

With a yield of 1.2 per cent available from the dollar dividend, Canada Steamship hardly rates as an investment. While the possibility exists that the stock could extend its advance, we consider it to be within a selling range. After a run from the 1949 low of 12, the taking of capital gains at this point would appear prudent, for the price is nearly double the book value of $49.

With its heavy interest in shipbuilding, together with its dependence upon a high rate of economic activity for freights, the company seems very vulnerable to any slowing of business in general. Should earnings decline, the rather top-heavy structure of senior issues (three bond issues and a preferred stock) will weigh quite heavily on the company. The cost of servicing this funded debt, approximately $900,000 in 1951, could force a reduction in the common dividend.

In addition, while steamships may seem to go on for ever, the problem of obsolescence in the fleet would appear to be a real one from the point of operating efficiency alone. Replacement of over-age ships will also place heavy demands upon working capital and prevent debt retirement.

Thus we consider the stock is overvalued and we would recommend a shift into a more defensive type of security.

T. Eaton Realty Co.

Will you please advise what you think of the T. Eaton Realty Co. 5 per cent first mortgage bonds as an investment?—E. F. G., St. Catharines, Ont.

These bonds must be considered as a prime investment. They are well secured by the first mortgage upon some of the most valuable commercial property in the city of Toronto. The company has a long-standing reputation for integrity that is unsurpassed and there is no fear of the safety of capital.

Finally, the yield of 5 per cent is equal to the yield that may be obtained in the best of common stocks. We have no hesitation in recommending this issue to you.

Golden Manitou

I BOUGHT *Golden Manitou at the following prices: 100 shares at 7 and 100 at 5. Do you advise holding it or selling at a loss and investing in some other stocks or bonds?—G. C., Peterborough, Ont.*

From the action of the metal markets and base metal stocks, (SATURDAY NIGHT, March 14), your decision to hold or sell must be based upon whether you elect to "ride it out" or take the loss you should have taken at a much higher level when base metal prices began to weaken a year ago.

I would advise taking the loss now. The possibility of a turnaround in base metal prices seems remote at the present time. The question of whether Golden Manitou can operate at a profit can best be answered when the statement of operation for 1952 appears next May. At present, it is im-

possible to evaluate the company until such data is available.

However, the market is telling the story in its own way. From recent market action it is apparent that a considerable base of support has been developed above 2.75. Should this support level be broken, under the weight of offerings induced by further reductions in base metal prices, it seems possible that a sharp decline to about 1.85-1.95 could occur. In fact, a retreat to the 1949 low of 1.52 is not impossible.

At that price the stock would again be a buy, on the basis that enough shutdowns will be forced to limit supply and invoke higher metal prices. It is a good mine, with good management, but dividends are dependent on a level of metal prices that will assure profitable operations.

New Bidlamaque

WHAT IS *your opinion of New Bidlamaque? Can you tell me anything about Macfort Mines?—H. D., Toronto.*

New Bidlamaque has moved in on the uranium boom in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan. Early this year two groups of uranium prospects were acquired for $11,000 and 200,000 shares.

Share capital was increased to 5 million shares and 1 million shares were optioned on a scale from 10 to 25 cents.

If all the stock is marketed by the promoters, the treasury will receive $160,000. This sum is enough for exploration work but obviously not enough to develop a mine, should uranium ore be discovered in commercial quantity. The stock is strictly a speculative gamble. Share equity will be less than 3 cents per share.

Macfort, at last report, was inactive and there is no market for the stock.

Consumers' Gas

WOULD YOU *recommend a good investment stock to me? One with a fair rate of return and some possibilities of expansion.—G. H. D., Toronto.*

The best stock I can think of to fill your requirements is a company with which you probably do business, The Consumers' Gas Co. of Toronto. It has been in business since 1848 and is still growing and paying an 80-cent dividend that yields 5.3 per cent at the present price of 15.

Even in the depths of the depression of the thirties, earnings and profits held stable; and the growth of the company is reflected in the doubling of gross earnings from $7 to $14 million in the 20 years since 1932.

The prospects of natural gas being supplied to Toronto from American sources, in an international interchange of supplies, seem brighter with the reopening of the natural gas hearings in Washington by the Federal Power Commission. Should natural gas become available to the company, its competitive position as a supplier of heating fuels would be considerably enhanced.

If the history of comparable American firms is any guide, natural gas connections will start a new phase of growth for Consumers' Gas. Meanwhile the company will keep pace with the expansion of the population.

Grease Creek

COULD YOU *give me your opinion of the future possibilities of Grease Creek Petroleums Ltd? Their holdings, I believe, are in Eastern Alberta. For some time in the past their stock was hovering between 9½ and 10¾ cents and now is between 3½ and 4½ cents. I understand that the company is sound, but that at the present time they lack finances for development.—L. C. W., Toronto.*

At last report, Grease Creek held a 3.125 per cent interest in 150,000 acres of CPR rights in eastern Alberta. Assets amounted to $7,309. A capital deficit of $319,472 exists.

It would appear that the company is in a state of "suspended animation" with just enough funds to keep alive. We assume that the management has not been able to attract any interest in the acreage they hold from the active oil companies. Thus its value is dubious.

With less than 200,000 shares of the 4 million share capital remaining in the treasury, it would seem impossible for the company to raise sufficient funds for exploration or acquisition of new leases without a drastic reorganization.

If you are considering investing in western oil, we would suggest that you confine yourself to companies with large proven reserves and good working capital.

Pan-Western Oil

I HAVE *been told that Pan-Western is a good buy at 38 cents. Would you advise buying here?—C. M., Oshawa.*

We would not advise buying Pan-Western. The last report showed the company having a deficit of $275,000. With all of the 3.5 million shares issued and a bond issue of $349,000 outstanding, it would appear that some new financing is in order if exploration and drilling is to be continued.

The estimated oil reserves of 1,250,000 barrels are subject to payment of royalties to both the Alberta Government and Imperial Oil, thus net per share value is on the low side even at the 38 cents quoted.

If you are considering investing in the oils, we would suggest that you confine your interest to the leading issues with high reserves and working capital.

McWilliams-Beardmore

CAN YOU *give me any information on McWilliams-Beardmore Mines —J. R. T., Washago, Ont.*

As most of the stock has been issued from the Treasury and the mine has been closed for some time, due to lack of working capital, it appears that a reorganization will be required before any further work is done on the property and the stock has only a token value.

The Next Fifty Years Belong to Canada

Our March "Review and Securities List" summarizes the scope of the growth which may be envisaged for Canada during the second half of this century, and draws attention to the magnitude of the potentiality for economic progress which is drawing worldwide attention to this country.

Included in the "Review" is comment on the two Canadian oil pipe line companies, Interprovincial Pipe Line Company and Trans Mountain Oil Pipe Line Company.

A short summary of some highlights of the 1953 Budget, most significant to Canadian investors, is also contained in the "Review".

Included in the List is a representative selection of Canadian Government, Municipal and Corporation securities, suitable for inclusion in all classes of investment portfolios.

A copy of our March "Review and Securities List" will be forwarded gladly upon request to any of our offices.

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We sailed wherever ships could sail,
We founded many a mighty State,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being Great.
Alfred Lord Tennyson.

BE NOT ALARMED, CANADIANS!

That surging activity on your Canadian mining exchanges is nothing more than the growing pains of coming power

It is the resounding echo of individual Canadians trying to buy a segment of the natural resources of their own great country . . . It's a new Giant, flexing its mighty muscles for the most important phase of its manhood. . . . **IT'S CANADA AND CANADIANS FACING UP TO THEIR DESTINY.**

WHAT YOU HAVE IN POTENTIAL
IS NOT LIKELY TO BE EQUALLED ANYWHERE IN THE NEXT 50 YEARS
IT MAY NEVER BE EQUALLED

It is only natural that the economic prospects now unfolding will cause excitement. With trading days of **9 Million, 10 Million, 11 Million,** and over **12 Million** shares breaking records of over **100 years' standing** on your Exchanges, there must be a feeling of intense excitement in the sharing of an economy that has advanced at so swift a pace for the **last 10 years.**

BOOMS HAVE HAPPENED BEFORE

RECALL—the **California Gold Rush of '49.**
Excitement there was, also, in the **Yukon Gold Stampede** of the **90's.**
And, in the United States, near hysteria was kindled when the famous **Spindletop** well **gushed** in **Texas.**

In no other country in the entire world, are there more real, solid reasons to expect boom conditions during your lifetimes, than right here in Canada.

Consider This: **Alone,** among the major nations, **YOUR COUNTRY** has shown **Government surpluses** for the last seven years.

YOUR National Debt has been **REDUCED** substantially since 1946, and now stands at one of the lowest per capita rates of **any** country on Earth.

YOUR National Income leaped ahead by **One Billion Dollars** last year—to make it the **highest** in history. YOUR **Gross National Product** increased seven percent, to a record high of $23,000,000,000.00 — and wages and salaries advanced 12 percent.

And now, for 1953, your Government has REDUCED your **income taxes,** your **corporation** and other taxes, and yet has budgeted for a **record revenue**—and yet **another surplus.**

THIS CENTURY IS YOURS

With all your wealth of Natural Resources, already known, and yet to be discovered, your vast land can support in prosperity and comfort many times its present, and increasing population. (New York statisticians predict 30,000,000 by 1965, and 60,000,000 by the end of your century.)

YOUR EMERGING PROSPERITY, POWER AND SECURITY ARE BACKED BY YOUR LAND'S VAST NATURAL WEALTH

In your rich, expanding, high grade URANIUM discoveries in your Province of Saskatchewan — today, sinews of defence—tomorrow the **fuel** of your Atomic Energy plants.

In your new, huge, BASE METALS finds near Bathurst, New Brunswick, with its **Millions of tons of ore.**

In your fast developing Keno Hill area, in the Yukon, where values in LEAD-ZINC-SILVER often run over **$100 to the ton.**

In your new-found Labrador IRON and TITANIUM deposits, and all the recent discoveries of **Rare Earths, Rare Metals, of Sulphur, Kyanite,** throughout the broad expanse of your great land.

In your **Western Oil Industry,** with nearly **2 Billion barrels** of reserves—and growing greater day by day.

In your new **Natural Gas** discoveries, with reserves rated at **16,000 Billion** cu. ft.—and still increasing.

In your giant **aluminum** industry—expanding at Kitimat, B.C., by **half-a-billion dollars.**

In your coming **St. Lawrence seaway,** your transportation systems, your huge forest reserves, your **grain-lands,** your **water wealth.**

In your great producing mines, your **asbestos** and **nickel,** in which you lead the world, your **copper, lead, zinc,** your **mining industry** which last year paid **$144,684,391.00** in dividends—and broke the record again.

Across a surface of **3,845,144** square miles your country has hardly been explored, and the sub-surface has scarcely felt the bite of pick or drill.

The expansion of your wide country, and the exploitation of its tremendous Natural Resources, can support a market volume of stocks that can easily average 10,000,000 shares per day in this current period. As new finds are made, and later become producers of new wealth, that figure could be substantially advanced.

Our organization takes great pride in the part they have taken, and are now taking, in the financing and development of these vast Natural Resources of Canada.

NEWKIRK & CO., LIMITED

BRYAN W. NEWKIRK, President.

100 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada.

(Copies of this series of advertisements on Canada are available upon request.)

"Trade Not Aid"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

billion in new crop support loans.

The economic history of the past two decades has shown that interference with prices, either by price controls or price supports, is not sound. The price relationship between buyer and seller is still the only workable means of adjusting supply to demand and vice versa.

The buyer is the ultimate arbiter of prices and his acceptance or refusal of the price starts or stops the chain of events that begin with the salesman's credo of "nothing happens till something's sold."

What solution is there, then, to Britain's problems? It seems very doubtful that the Administration in Washington, now busily engaged in freeing the markets from the frustrating web of controls imposed by the Trumanites, will undertake the enormous job of supporting all the world's commodity markets and pile still more surpluses on the burdened backs of the American taxpayers.

The only other solution for Britain, if these proposals are rejected, would seem to be to free the pound and let it find its own level in the world markets. Should its value, now quoted at $2.82 in New York, go down, then sterling area products will have a price advantage and the buying thus stimulated should help reduce the surpluses, which will likely force prices lower of their own weight in any event.

The arguments both for and against freeing the pound are long and involved, but as an American statesman once remarked, "the way to begin is to begin."

W. P. SNEAD

John B. Parkin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

sheer practicality, "open" planning, and emphasis on the modern materials in use.

Sitting behind his bare desk, nonsmoker Parkin would be apt to tell an inquirer: "Take the old designers . . . they made a definite contribution to architecture. All they had to work with was stone, no steel or plastics, and they used imagination and created a style that lasted.

"But nearly all that has been done in the past 100 years is the attempt to disguise old styles—to mask the use of modern materials as if they weren't being used at all".

As evidence of this trend, brother Edmund points to the pseudo-Gothic tower on the University of Toronto's Hart House. "It's pleasant, yes", he emphasizes, "but it's not *honest*."

In their forthright views the three partners agree, and their policy has brought them increasing commissions—and a swatch of medals and awards. The Oshawa school design, for example, won them the first top architectural award of the Massey Foundation, "in recognition of outstanding achievement in Canadian architecture".

Says John B. succinctly: "We are not indulging in modern architecture to be different; we like to think of an architect as primarily rendering a service to the public".

Popular approval, as well as official acclaim, has been awarded their modernistic, yet eminently practical Faberge Perfume factory at Etobicoke, Ontario, York Township's hydro electric HQ and Toronto's Adelaide Street coach terminal.

Is "modern architecture" here to stay? They think it is. "We think the movement will last at least as long as other movements, Gothic included", says Edmund T. "Five hundred years doesn't seem too long a period but, of course, modern technology is providing us with so much new material to work with that styles may change to keep pace".

All three Parkins are married and, though not related, both John B. and John C. have wives called Jean and sons named John. All three partners presently live in apartments in North Toronto but the two younger men, at least, hope that one day they may live in houses of their own design. Pressure of work has prevented much progress in this direction so far.

"We're like the busy cobbler", sighs Edmund. "He was always so busy making shoes for other people that he was almost the last person to get a pair".

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Insurance

Perils of Pension Plans

REACHING top speed in the post-war years, the number of insured pension plans in the country is said to have increased eight-fold since 1940. To get some idea of the lengths to which Canadian business and industry have gone in contracting security for employees, it is only necessary to read the "Help Wanted" ads in local newspapers.

Pension Plans are wholly praiseworthy. There is, however, one aspect of the widespread group planning for welfare and security of workers that is often overlooked or ignored: the incessant turnover of hired help in all lines of endeavor.

Drifters are legion, of course, but apart from that species, no diligent and promising worker can be considered a definite long-term investment when a firm's pension plan is first explained to him. Two questions arise: what happens to all those people who contribute to a plan and, for one reason or another, don't come close to riding it out? What is the feeling of such past employees about pension plans thereafter?

Anyone can satisfy himself that the pension planning of contemporary employers—the lesser lights particularly—has had a good deal less than the 100 per cent rosy acceptance hoped for it.

Any poll of chance acquaintances brings out an unfortunate undercurrent of disillusionment. Pension Plans are apt to be regarded as scantily camouflaged thievery by many people who have decided to change their jobs.

A COMPOSITE case history may highlight some of the seemingly endemic misconceptions about pension schemes—involving a couple of painful bloopers that rest on management's doorstep.

Etaoin Shrdlu was a higher bracket staff member of a concern employing 30 people. After his first year there, the proprietor proudly announced to Shrdlu that a pension plan had been arranged for all hands. Five foolscap sheets of single-spaced typing conveyed exactly nothing to Shrdlu's non-insurance intellect. If the boss says it's okay, it's okay by him. The Big Man says it's a good scheme—he has looked into it but doesn't know too much about it. The firm will match each employee's five per cent wage deduction and "should an employee leave at any time, the firm's contribution will be handed to him."

Shrdlu is told furthermore that there is some life insurance in the scheme for him and that he can, if he wishes, double up his own contributions each pay day, but that the firm will not match this extra saving.

Everyone is happy. Shrdlu duly appears on the pension roll for a ten per cent deduction from his wages.

A man from the life insurance company that has underwritten the scheme calls individually on each of the participating employees during business hours. Each is given a sonorous harangue in unfamiliar insurance language, but Shrdlu emerges a little better off than most; as he turns again to the piled-up work on his desk, a vague sense of understanding and wellbeing is his. "Of course," adds the pension expert, "there's the life insurance you get in conjunction with this plan—that's important too, you know!"

NEARLY two years pass by and Shrdlu leaves the firm. Within three weeks a letter from the Life company, two pages of figures mostly, tells him of several alternative investments he is urged to make with the insurance company, using the fund that has accumulated to his credit. It is the closing paragraph (the letter writer obviously regards this part of it as a senseless eventuality) that fastens itself on Etaoin's imagination. If he wants his money, rather than leave it in the insurance company's coffers as recommended, there will only be $500 coming back to him of the $700 he himself has deposited.

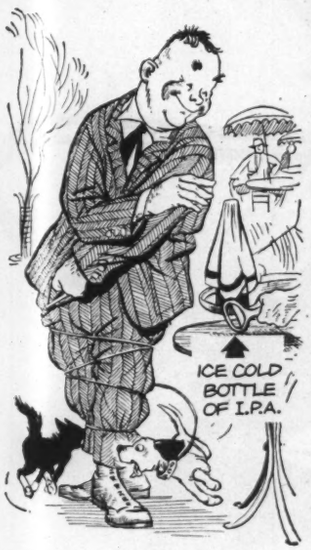
That pension plan contract, decides the chagrined contributor, wasn't made with him. He has no way of knowing whether any of these figures in the letter are correct. The old firm made the deal, held the policy and also kicked in five per cent to match one half his contribution to the plan. No mention of *that* in the letter and—remember the chief's effusive dictum on this 5% two years ago?—it was supposed to come to him too.

Shrdlu refers the letter to his late firm. Three months go by with no hint of interest on his behalf in that direction. Out of sight, out of mind, he concludes. He tosses in the sponge, takes the proferred $500 from the life company and writes off his loss to experience; and a reasonably average citizen has joined the ranks of those who are eternally cynical of pension plans, life insurance companies and bungling management.

It is to the interest of all concerned, and important nationally, to avoid this sort of thing. With that end in view, some reasonable precautions are suggested.

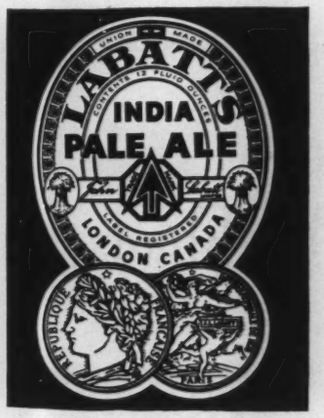
One, there should be insistence that a single representative of management master every detail to do with the functioning of a pension plan, proposed or in effect; two, there should be an unqualified demand that any life insurance salesman charged with explanations to employees tell the whole story of the scheme, stressing "life" and pension equally, and drawing

It's a MAN'S work...



for a man's beer!

If other beers seem too weak —brewed perhaps with feminine tastes in mind—try Labatt's* India Pale Ale ("I.P.A." to those in the know). Hearty, zestful and satisfying, I.P.A. is a real *man*'s drink—full bodied and fully flavoured. Ask for: "Labatt's I.P.A. *again*, please!" John Labatt Limited.



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close attention to the status of an individual's savings should he leave his employment after paying for a year or two, or more; three, there should be "question and answer" sessions encouraging pension plan participants to find out for themselves what it is all about; four, by all means there should be assurance that management will recognize its responsibility and follow right up to the pay-off in the case of former employees. After all, management made the arrangement and holds a contract in the firm's name.

That no official should go off at half cock and agree to deliver something he has no intention of delivering—or is simply not in a contractual position to deliver — ought to need no emphasis.

U.K. and "United States"

During the economically strained postwar years, it has become the failing in dollar areas to dismiss Britain as an "also ran" now in world finance.

Full-throated roaring of the British financial lion from the purlieus of Threadneedle Street, accounted timeless until 1940, is too often represented a decade later (in North American transcriptions) as a plaintive bleat. Even many Canadians have accepted this version.

The United Kingdom remains preeminent throughout the free world in at least three vast fields of finance that are the backbone of credit: marine, fire and casualty insurance.

Last year an American-built ocean liner succeeded in wresting from Britain a most cherished symbol: the blue ribbon for the speediest Atlantic crossing. But there was really little occasion for British sorrow.

A beautiful vessel and the last word in safety engineering, *SS United States* was built in the U.S.A. for United States Lines at a reported outlay of $73 million—the costliest merchantman afloat. She carries more insurance than has ever been placed on a single hull before, $31 million. The spread between that figure and the vessel's cost is said to be the U.S. Government's interest, which is uninsured.

What now follows cannot fail to bring Britain's unabated instinct for financial leadership into exhilarating perspective: of the $31 million of ocean marine insurance on *SS United States*, $13,750,000 is written "at home" by American insurance companies; the bigger balance of $17,250,000 is placed in the British market, with $9,700,000 underwritten at Lloyd's.

That doesn't look like a muted harrumph out of a has-been lion, no longer up to the rigors of hunting on a powerful rival's preserves!

As an arena in which "sterling" and "U.S. dollar" Insurance—along with a vigorous native industry and numerous companies of many other nationalities—vie for the public's premiums, Canada offers plenty of supporting evidence that Britain's financial blue ribbon isn't in much jeopardy.

In 1951—last year for which figures are available—here is the Canadian box score for classes of insurance other than life and ocean marine:

The five top writers of fire insurance were British organizations.

The two concerns heading the combined list for writings of all classes of insurance were both British.

British institutions wrote 36 per cent of all fire insurance in Canada; native Canadian companies accounted for 26 per cent and the remaining 38 per cent was the share of U.S. and all other foreign companies together.

In the Casualty field—and this generic term "casualty" embraces 28 classes of insurance, including automobile—British offices collected $45 million in net premiums; Canada's own companies, $80 million and all foreign companies (including those from Stateside) garnered $98 million from Canadian policyholders.

G. L. PRATT

•

Investors' Bookshelf

AUTOMATION—by John Diebold—*Van Nostrand—$4.*

In this study of the possibilities of the automatic factory, John Diebold gives a provocative account of what is technically possible in the way of using electronic and computing devices to control entire sequences of manufacturing operations. His proposal of an automatic stock exchange, where floor traders would be replaced by a machine of the "electronic brain" type, is sweeping in concept, but fails to take into consideration the functions other than direct trading performed by the traders. Even if the trading power were performed by electronic means, traders would still be necessary to assess market action and determine when such types of orders as discretionary, and "sell on bid only" were to be executed.

The book gives a grimmer picture of what may happen if the demands of organized labor are pushed too far. Cost is the primary determinant of whether a process shall be fully automatic, partly automatic or by hand. Full production is now feasible without full employment. The process could mean as drastic a change in society as the Industrial Revolution.

WESTERN CANADIAN OILS — James Richardson and Sons have presented the seventh issue of their handbook on western oil companies. In addition to reviewing the holdings and financial position of many of the companies actively engaged in the development of oil lands, it provides much general information and a map for investors.

Copies are obtainable free from the local offices of James Richardson and Sons.

SECURITY AND INDUSTRIAL SURVEY —An analytical guide for investors prepared by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane. This quarterly reviews the prospects of such important segments of American industry as automobiles, building supplies, chemicals, petroleum and steel. Charts are included, illustrating the market action of each group in relation to the market action of a composite index of 540 stocks. Available on request from Merrill Lynch, 35 King St. W., Toronto.

W. P. S.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 31st March, 1953.

4¾% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No 18, $1.19 per share, payable on 1st April, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 18 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 24, $1.00 per share, payable on 1st April, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 24 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 2, $0.62 per share, payable on 1st April, 1953. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 2 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

By Order of the Board

J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
26th February, 1953.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Holders of Interim Share Certificates and Interim Bearer Share Warrants relating to the Company's 5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares are hereby notified that these may be exchanged for Certificates in Definitive form at offices of Montreal Trust Company on or about 10th March, 1953.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

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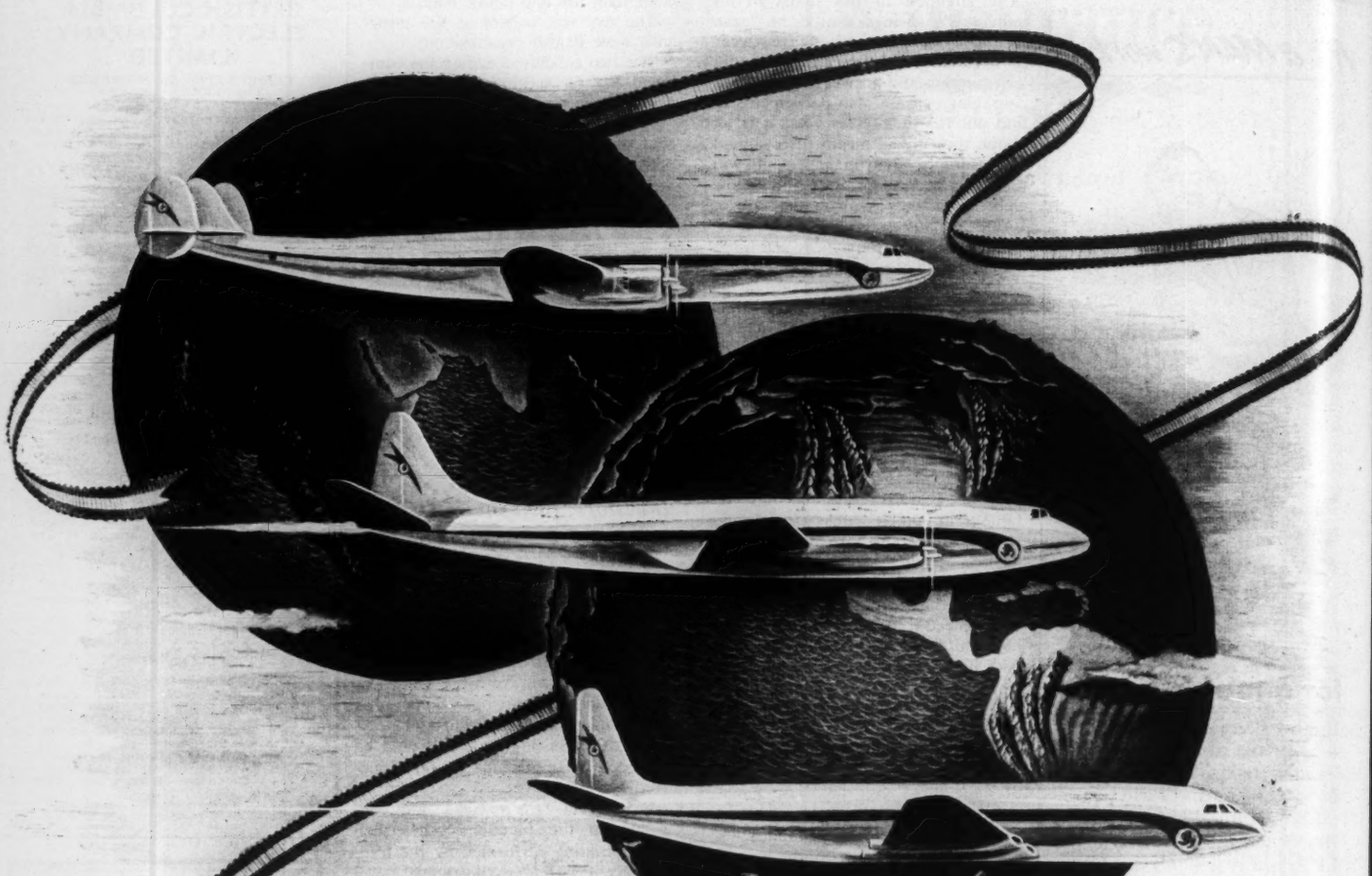

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Women

Roucbon

"ETOILE": Maggy Rouff's white embroidered tulle evening gown.

Conversation Pieces:

BEAUX ARTS BALL in Montreal this week, under patronage of Hon. Omer Côté and Mrs. Côté . . . women less career conscious than ten years ago, according to U.S. survey . . . chosen top Leaguer of the New York Junior League by 1,434 fellow members, Mrs. Oliver Rea (née Betty Wilson), former President of Junior League of Montreal . . . Far East home for Maureen McGee of Ottawa, recent bride of Robert Key Thomson of Canadian Trade Commissioner Service . . . assured of a seat on any fire engine, reporter Simma Holt of the *Vancouver Sun*, said to be Canada's only woman honorary fire chief . . . bearing up under weighty title of Senior Women's Canadian Figure Skating Champion, 16-year-old Barbara Gratton of Toronto Skating Club . . . hat veils worn lower on face for Spring . . . Madame Henri Vautelet of Montreal on a month's holiday in Honolulu . . . 25-year-old Audrey Garwood of Toronto, shattering precedent to smithereens as first of her sex, youngest person and first non-member of the Ontario Society of Artists to win the Forster award for "best subject picture" in the OSA's 81st annual Exhibition . . . back from Jamaica meeting of Western Hemisphere Committee of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, Mrs. W. R. Nesbitt of Toronto and Mrs. Gordon Conant of Oshawa, Ont. . . . Shirley Ann Pearse of Winnipeg, winner of a scholarship from Princess Alice Foundation, of which Senator Cairine Wilson was recently elected President for the 8th straight year . . . Charlottetown, latest in Seagram's "Cities of Canada" series, to be painted by Frances-Anne Johnston, wife of artist Franklin Arbuckle and daughter of "Group of Seven" Franz Johnston . . . time to sow candytuft indoors, to bloom in 40 days . . . Margaret Wherry, new life member of Montreal Council of Women . . . Quebec Ladies' Golf Union to be headed by Montrealer Mrs. George Pemberton-Smith . . . shoe shine problem, eight pairs of shoes owned by average Canadian career girl, according to shoe survey . . . autographing parties in Ottawa and Montreal this Book Week, pen wielder being Suzanne Butler of Toronto, Montreal, B.C. and Ottawa, whose first novel, "My Pride, My Folly", is just off the McClelland and Stewart press . . . Edmonton marriage of Agnes Ruth Nordwoski, of Riley, Alta., to John Edgar Stambaugh, son of Senator and Mrs. J. W. Stambaugh, of Bruce, Alta. . . . a Toulouse-Lautrec collection on view until the end of March in Ottawa's National Art Gallery . . . Gallup Poll of Canada reporting steady decrease in Canadians calling themselves total abstainers . . . men taking orders from a 24-year-old woman florist, with election of Mrs. Grace McCarthy as President of Hastings Chamber of Commerce, Vancouver . . . New Westminster's Dolores Petersen sandwiching in a few days in Norway to see her 92-year-old grandmother, during movie-contest winning trip to England . . . cologne sprayed on neck after make-up, to prevent collar smudging . . . to be married shortly in Hawaii, Mary Louise Guillet of Toronto and Lieut. Robert Jackson White, U.S. Navy . . . Ethel Childs, a new nutritionist with the Milk Foundation of Toronto . . . wedding of Muriel Ferguson of The Bridle Path, York Mills, Ont., to Leonard William Franceschini . . . first Dior salon in London, where Coronation visitors may buy off-the-peg Dior clothes . . . certain to cause commotion in mayoralty circles, Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa presiding at gowned council meetings, herself in red silk faced with miniver and wearing a three-cornered hat.

Don't be a die-hard

Are you always the last girl in your set to take up a new idea? For instance, when it comes to sanitary protection, are you still wedded to that belt-and-pin routine every month? Switch to Tampax which is worn internally. No odor. No chafing. No bulky pads to dispose of. . . . Think these things over and next time you buy sanitary protection ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. You'll say it's wonderful! Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

Don't be a timid soul

Please lady, listen! Don't hold back from Tampax *just because it's different* from the familiar kind of monthly protection you have hitherto used. Tampax is doctor-invented for *internal* absorption and it is many, many times smaller than the external kind. You cannot even feel it while wearing. No pins; no belts; no odor! Wear it in tub or shower. Millions of girls and women use it. Why think you are any different? Sold at drug and notion counters. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

Don't be a know-it-all

Don't trust to hearsay when considering Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Test it yourself. Note the small, neat form — easily disposable. Note the slender white applicator for easy insertion. Note the great absorption. . . . Note the pure surgical cotton firmly stitched for security. When in place Tampax is *conforming in shape* so you cannot even feel it. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies. Month's supply goes in purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

Ashley and Crippen

Ashley and Crippen

At the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Coronation Ball in Toronto:

Above, left to right, Mrs. R. C. Dickson, wife of Rear Commodore Dickson, Mr. W. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Erroll A. Fraser.

At left: Mrs. M. B. Mairs, Commodore T. K. Wade and Miss Frances Albertson.

David Bier

RECEPTION in Montreal by La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine: left to right, Misses Suzanne L'Esperance, Lyse Lalonde, Marie Senecal, patrons Judge Hector Perrier and Mrs. Perrier, Misses Francoise Perrault, Nicole Sequin and Michelle Loranger.

Food

CLUB luncheons are usually a headache. A hot dish and a tossed salad may be uninspired but can be a good buffet beginning. Dessert is the problem. Hostess of the day will have enough on her mind without any elaborate, last-minute concoction to worry about. But dessert should be something the club members will remember with interest, and also be easy and quick to make.

Press women are probably busier than most around the lunch hour, with afternoon papers just out in the early edition and the morning papers just ready to start the day's activities. So their Press Club luncheons are seldom elaborate affairs. But press women are hard to please. They turn up, in the line of work, at all sorts of luncheons, dinners and cocktail parties where the food is either a chef's dream or is the unimaginative chicken-and-parfait combination.

So when press women take time to ask for a dessert recipe, it must be tempting. Sherry Tortoni is such a dessert. It appeared recently at one of the weekly luncheons of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club, whose official menu planner is Sally Dighton, Home Economist for the Ontario Hydro. The dessert also has the advantage that it can be made well in advance and will be quite certain to be ready on time. Here is Sally's recipe:

SHERRY TORTONI

½ cup butter
1 cup fruit sugar
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
½ lb. vanilla wafers
¼ cup dry imported sherry

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in egg yolks and sherry. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Arrange in layers with crumbs in freezing tray. Pack hard. Chill for 3 hours. Cut into squares and serve with ½ teaspoon Creme de Menthe per person, or with a chocolate sauce. These portions serve 12. MARGARET NESS

• •

All Gummed Up?

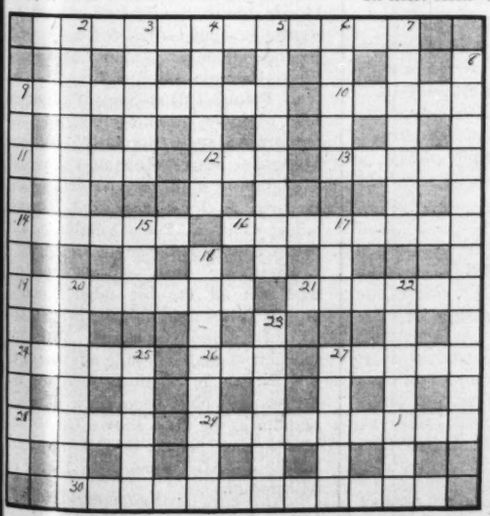
By LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. How dentists and manicurists apply themselves. (5, 3, 4)
9. Does this person rush in where others fear to tread? (4, 5)
10. Mother starts cleaning a spot in the crystal. (5)
11. See 25.
12. "The Taming of the Shrew" was played for his benefit solely without 26. (3)
13. Would it take black magic to do this kind of trick? (5)
14. Pistol said he would open his with a sword, it being the world to him. (6)
16. This French-Canadian makes mash in French water. (8)
19. A special event doesn't happen often to little Albert. (8)
21. See 8.
24. Hug them in the middle or they'll cut your throat. (5)
26. The French have nothing like this! (3)
27. See 6.
28. If I am sated peculiarly by this composer, don't get mad! (5)
29. Consequence of a second mowing at the farm when turned over. (9)
30. You can't be doing this in second childhood even with a sharp tongue, by gum. (7, 5)

DOWN

2. One has turned sour, bearing a burden. (7)
3. See 6.
4. Ship the Grey Cup winners to the "Y" (6)
5. An exciting 24 hours for those who take their Epsoms seriously? (5,3)
6. 27 across and 3. The dentist, of all people, should be so equipped for war. (5,2,3,5)
7. It's not all luck getting an eagle in Switzerland. (7)
8 and 21. No good bidding the toothless to dig in this way. (3,4,5,4,2)
9. Is he a bandsman at the dental convention? (12)
15. She was all Greek to me till the dawn broke. (3)
17. Antonym of outt? (3)
18. Oh Karl goes over to bite in half the cabbage. (8)
20. A biting word that sounds like a lie. (7)
22. His station in life is naturally opposed to income. (7)
23. A pet label for a dog day in Germany? (3, 3)
25 and 11. With which one puts the bite on, honey. (5, 5)
27. Reset reset. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Blood poisoning
9. Lend lease
10. Lucia
11. Earth
12. Lohengrin
14. Dents
15. Shotgun
17. Fistula
19. Bella
21. Overshoes
22. Tepee
24. Tibia
26. Hit and run
27. Feature picture

DOWN

1. Ballet
2. Owner
3. Delphiniums
4. Oracles
5. Seethes
6. Nil
7. Nicaragua
8. Raining
13. Neo-platonic
14. Dissemble
16. Efforts
18. Another
19. Bus stop
20. Seance
23. Perdu
25. Aft

(253)

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5200-A

A smooth arrangement can make your figure a hit, honey!

Let Warner Wizardry make the most of your gifts! There's heavenly harmony between fabric and you in this Sta-Up-Top girdle . . . subtle waist-control for the fashionable *fragile* look. Companion "A'Lure" bra with *stretchable* cups is prettily composed in satin elastic. Both in black, pink or white.

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EATON'S *is wise in the ways of weddings*

From the moment of their engagement to the ethereal loveliness of their wedding, generations of radiant brides have depended upon Eaton's to help them plan the details of personal and home trousseaux and the wedding of their dreams.

EATON'S...CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Fashion

EVERY woman who visits Paris — and hundreds of Canadian women undoubtedly will be going this Coronation year — has a yen to buy something with a Paris label. Where and how to shop can often be a problem.

In almost every store in Paris some English is spoken, and in the big department stores there are interpreters available at all times. Remember, if you pay for your purchases in traveller's cheques, you will avoid the 12 per cent purchase tax. Get a shopping card when you shop in a big store; carry it with you from department to department; then pay for everything at once when you are finished; it's a good idea to have your passport along — it can save you trouble.

For purchases such as gloves, blouses, hats, handbags, perfume, souvenirs and so forth, good specialty shops can be found on the Avenue des Champs Elysées and in the Champs Elysées Arcade, on the Rue la Boetie, under the arcade along the Rue de Rivoli, the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, and many of the narrow side streets. The big department stores are much like our own, even to their bargain basements. Most of them are found to be in the vicinity of the Place de l'Opéra. Au Printemps and Galleries Lafayette, for instance, are on the Boulevard Haussman (metro station Havre-Caumartin) right behind the Opera itself; Les Trois Quartiers and Samaritaine de Luxe are nearby; Au Louvre is on the Rue de Rivoli (metro station Louvre); Samaritaine is at the lower (and cheaper) end of Rue Saint Honoré; the popular Bon Marché is over on the Left Bank.

Haut couturiers have showings in the afternoons at three. Attendance is by invitation, rarely refused to Americans and Canadians.

Here are some of the best-known of the *haut couturiers*: Carven, 6 Rond-Point, Avenue des Champs Elysées; Christian Dior, 30 Avenue Montaigne; John Dessus, 1 Rue Rabelais; Jacques Fath, 39 Avenue Pierre 1er de Serbie; Gres, 1 Rue de la Paix; M. de Givenchy, 6 Rue Alfred de Vigny; Jacques Griffe, 5 Rue Royale; Jacques Heim, 15 Avenue Matignon; Pierre Balmain, 44 Rue François 1er; Jean Patou, 7 Rue Saint Florentine; Jean Lanvin, 22 Faubourg Saint Honoré; Maggy Rouff, 25 Avenue Matignon; Marcel Rochas, 12 Avenue Matignon; Paquin, 3 Rue de la Paix; Hermes, 24 Faubourg Saint Honoré; Schiaparelli, 21 Place Vendôme. The prices of all these people are high.

There are dress experts in Paris who sell all the big label "model" dresses at less than half the price asked by their famous creators. But only the slim woman can take advantage of this bargain price, since these are the dresses that have been worn by mannequins at the dress shows. One of the best known people in this particular business is Miss Renardine, 13 rue de Miromesnil.

KATHLEEN STRANGE

Lighter Side

The Trumpeter's Trade

THE TRUMPETER'S trade is the craft of press-agentry and public relations, and one of its brightest practitioners was Steve Hannagan, who died recently. Hannagan was an exceedingly good-looking young chap who came from Lafayette, Indiana, to become a millionaire by counselling other millionaires how to acquire good reputations even if they lacked good characters.

He first won recognition by making the Memorial Day Indianapolis motor races a one-day money-maker. The Grim Reaper gave him help there. Crowds flocked to the motor races because there was always a killing. Later he was commissioned by the Southern Pacific Railway to look over terrain for a winter resort in Idaho. The railroad called it a winter playground. Hannagan called it Sun Valley. It clicked.

Hannagan was flamboyant but shrewd. Divorced twice, he always squired some dazzling doll—you know the type; she used to go with the landlord, now she goes with the lease. He was smart enough never to fake; when he planted a story, it was true.

The old-type press agent, the stunt guy, went out with Harry Reichenbach, a plot man who promoted pictures. One day an anguished citizen plunged into a Los Angeles police station with an arrow piercing his derriere. The arrow had been shot from a long bow by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., whose picture "Robin Hood" was just opening. One other day a young woman, veiled like a fugitive from a harem, barged into a Manhattan hotel to get a dish-washing job. The press packed in to tell the mysterious tale of the Virgin of Stamboul, which happened to be the title of another new film. Then there was the fellow who walked into the Ritz to reserve a room and bath, the bath for a lion, which loped in after him. This heralded the premiere of "Tarzan".

The public relations counsel is a press agent graduated from a wage to a retainer. Like legal counsel, he's a necessary and expensive budget item for any corporation. His job may be the reverse of filching publicity, namely, suppressing it. In the pioneer days of transcontinental air-line flights, the prime job of a public relations office was to paint out the insignia of a crashed airliner. And when, for instance, President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill met at sea for their historic Atlantic Charter powwow, the job of public relations was to inform press and radio so that they would not publish the event until it was over. This happened, too, when Mackenzie King scurried to Washington to reveal the Soviet espionage plot uncovered in Canada.

Old-fashioned theatre press agents survive along with song pluggers and social climbers. Their specialty is getting mentions in gossip columns. It's worth $500 for a press agent to get a client's name favorably into Walter Winchell's Broadway column, although Winchell has no rate card.

Business and industrial corporations must have public relations men to guide them in building good will. Only one-thousandth part of the news they supply the press is ever printed—examine any editor's waste-basket and you'll find that he throws away in one mail delivery far more material than would fill his publication, advertisements excluded. But the newspapers cannot possibly cover every outlet of news. They welcome and come to rely on spokesmen for various organizations or individuals who can supply background, accuracy and authority.

A minister's son named Ivy Lee was dean of the public relations men. He got his accolade when he conceived the idea of John D. Rockfeller giving away dimes, and the news break came when Mr. Rockfeller gave Harry Lauder a dime.

Lee, with cooperation from the sober-sided Rockefeller family (despite the zest of a daughter, Abbie Rockefeller, for speeding) really changed the popular concept of Rockefeller from an ogre to a Santa Claus. His job for the Rockefellers so impressed Moscow that the Kremlin sent for Lee, but he had sense enough not to try to sell Stalin to the North American public.

THERE ARE ironies in the public relations business as in any other. Experts were puzzled about a build-up for a young air pilot whose nickname was Lucky. They didn't know what to make of him. The newspapers thought he was crazy. One dawn he climbed into a moth-winged crate on Long Island and landed the next afternoon at Le Bourget, Paris. Lindberg didn't need public relations after that, until he went off the deep-end by forecasting victory for Hitler over Britain, when England had given him haven from the torture of publicity after his son was kidnapped and killed.

The biggest public relations flop was also the most costly—the Interchurch World Movement. You never heard of it? I just said it was a flop. Backed by the Rockefellers and other earnest and super-heeled deacons, the Interchurch World Movement aimed to change the world. Millions were spent on publicity and paid advertising campaigns. But as Bill Brady used to say when a show folded, "the people stayed away in large numbers."

Political public relations men are legion for every party and every candidate. If one incident won the last U.S. Presidential election, it was the public relations suggestion that Dwight Eisenhower pledge himself to make a personal inspection of the Korean battlefield immediately after election.

I've been one of the public relations boys, working with Herbert Hoover and others. So eager were some magnates to be personally popularized that one tycoon sent for me once and asked how about it. I told him that the biggest and best publicity he could get would be to have his picture on a postage stamp. "How?" he asked. "Only you can take the first step," he was told. "Unless you're a reigning sovereign, the first thing to be, to get on a postage stamp, is dead."

JOHN B. KENNEDY

The Happy Motorists

WE MAY be sure that *Izveztia* or *Pravda* won't copy the recent news item relating to the Andrews Sisters and their purchase of three new Cadillacs.

The Andrews Girls aren't capitalists in the well-known, or cannibalistic, sense. They are entertainers, and represent one of the more staggering successes in a free enterprise world.

"We always buy everything in threes, and we always buy Cadillacs," they announced. "The cars we have are old—we bought them in 1951."

It is interesting to speculate on the final business arrangements between the Cadillac salesman and the Andrews, Patty, Maxine and Laverne. It probably went something like this:

Salesman: How about the air-conditioning units in the old car, Miss Patty? You want to leave them?

Miss Patty: Heavens yes, what would we do with *six* air-conditioning units?

Salesman: Any use for these mink seat-covers?

Laverne: Goodness, they look like something we ran over near Huntsville. We *bought* them in 1951.

Maxine: Maybe some poor farmer would be glad of them, when he uses the back seats for lawn furniture.

The Andrews Sisters represent one type of happy motorist. Joe, the press photographer I sometimes accompanied on assignments in the pre-depression days, was another.

Joe wasn't, of course, as rich as the Andrews Girls, and his public position didn't demand a Cadillac. He didn't particularly want a Cadillac. He just wanted a new car when anything went wrong. And since he had no patience with machinery, things, even in the new car, went wrong almost at once. A trip with Joe, who would strip a gear as lightly as you or I would peel a banana, was always a racking experience, made at considerble cost to the internal machinery of both car and passenger.

On one point, however, he entirely agreed with the Andrews Sisters. Cars were expendable, and the best way to avoid trouble, expense and even minor worries was to turn your car in on a new model.

One of Joe's minor worries was Arthur, a British member of the staff, who had a fancy for drenching himself with perfume. When Arthur and Joe went out together on an assignment, the car smelt delicious for days. This, with the coarse comments made by subsequent passengers, used to exacerbate Joe, who would sometimes be heard muttering as he plunged into the dark-room, "Turn that damn bus in on a new car first thing tomorrow morning."

At the time I knew him he was still making payments on a whole series of wrecked or traded-in cars, and was in much the distracted financial position of a man paying alimony at regular intervals, with no returns, and in several directions at once. Nothing could have convinced him, however, either that his economic position was unsound or that anything was to be gained by studying the simpler principles of motor mechanics.

"What happened to your last car, Joe?" I asked him once and he shook his head. "I dunno," he said, "I was just driving along at a normal rate when the engine started to come right up through the hood. What do you know?"

Motorists of the Joe and Andrews Sisters type must have suffered severely in World War II, when the old order was broken and new models no longer came off the line. We all suffered, though not, as it turned out, as much as we had feared we would.

Our family car at this period was a dilapidated model that should have been turned in years before. But now that no new models were being turned out, we began to look at it with fresh eyes. As we had been transporting children and small nauseated animals in it for years, the interior was quite hopeless. But the engine still ran, and we cherished it as no engine had ever been cherished before, feeding it lovingly with careful mixtures, wrapping it against draughts, and tooling it gently along country roads. It was still running at the end of the war, though by this time the left door-handle was gone and the trunk hinge was damaged.

We all had our lessons, both in austerity and in the fundamental principles of motor mechanics and care. It should have taught us something, but apparently it didn't. The moment the War was over and the defence plants began beating their tanks into tonneaux, we went right back, rejoicing, to the old ways. It was rumored that the new postwar cars were inferior in workmanship and material, but this didn't matter. We could always turn them in on a new model next year.

We still have a society featuring Annual Motor Shows where the Joes and the Andrews Sisters alike can go and look over the display, making down payments or grandly buying three Cadillacs at a time. It is still one of the more agreeable civilizations to live in.

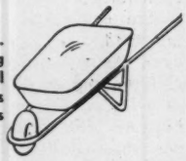
MARY LOWREY ROSS

It pays *to reduce...*

...weight in modern living

at work . . . strong magnesium lightens heavy handtruck loads.

at play . . . light magnesium adds to portability of sports equipment motors.



at home . . . this strong magnesium wheel barrow lightens chores

You find magnesium used more and more in the tools and appliances of modern living because it's light, it's strong, and it's durable.

with **DOMAL** *high purity*

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We are growers of more than 150 varieties of Fruit Trees, Bush Fruits and Strawberries for Canadian Orchards and Gardens. Our new 1953 Nursery Catalogue also lists a choice selection of hardy Roses, Shrubs, Hedge Plants, Shade Trees, Evergreens and Perennials. Write for your copy today, it's free. As growers, we can save you money.

THE NORFOLK NURSERY
SIMCOE ONTARIO

The Backward Glance

35 Years Ago This Week In Saturday Night

IN THE FIRST World War took a back seat to Prohibition in the March 23, 1918, issue of SATURDAY NIGHT—a case of the battle giving way to the bottle. Under the title "The Unmoral Moral Reformer" The Front Page gave several Prohibitionist stalwarts their lumps, including William Jennings Bryan, Rev. Ben Spence, "Rev." Tennyson Smith (whom SATURDAY NIGHT unmasked as an actor rather than a preacher), and a Captain Bailey who pretended to represent the members of the armed services, during a convention of the Dominion Alliance in Toronto's Massey Hall.

The Front Page also gave a derisive snort in the direction of Lord Beaverbrook in "Max Aitken's Mythical Propaganda"; a thank-you for a French statesman's war against red tape in "Clemenceau Strikes A Blow At 'System' "; and a plea for more Chinese farm hands in "Imported Labor vs Starvation". Under the heading, "Billy Sunday Finds His 'Bacon' ", SATURDAY NIGHT tells of the noted revivalist being sued in a New York court for a share of the royalties from a book he had pretended to write. This bit of lacy literature was called *Great Love Stories Of The Bible*, and had actually been cribbed from the King James' Version by a man named Hugh C. Weir.

In an inside page SATURDAY NIGHT recalled a political ancedote about a former Prime Minister under the title, "Sir John's Temperance Campaign". The story goes that the Toronto *Globe* claimed that Sir John A. Macdonald's Cabinet included too many liquor addicts. When he read this in the paper Sir John stalked, *Globe* in hand, into the office of his colleague, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and laying the paper before him, sternly remarked:

"McGee, the *Globe* says there are too many drinkers in the Cabinet. One of us must quit. You'd better sign the pledge in the morning."

The only entertainments advertised that week 35 years ago were two legitimate stage presentations. William Collier was appearing at the Alexandra in *Nothing But The Truth* and Ruth Chatterton was playing in *Come Out Of The Kitchen*. Most Canadians were entertaining themselves in those days with phonograph records of "Cohen at the Telephone" and other socko time-killers, and the gramophone held full sway. This instrument was called, variously, the Brunswick phonograph, Columbia grafonola, and the Pathe pathephone. You could buy one of these rococo grand-daddies of the modern electric record-player for from $45 to $250.

Stephen Leacock had a new book out, *Frenzied Fiction*, and Arnold Bennett had published *Books And Persons*. Books under review were *The Rod And The Snake* by Vere Shortt and Frances Mathews, *The Discreet Adventure* by Helen C. Roberts, *Pan's Punishment* by Francis D. Grierson and *The Amateur Diplomat* by "two young Canadian newspapermen" Hugh Eayrs and T. B. Costain. (The first of these young men was later to become the head of the MacMillan Co. of Canada, and the second was destined to become a popular historical novelist.)

The Women's Section was given over largely to a long story of the University of Toronto's Hart House being used as a rehabilitation centre for wounded soldiers. Other women's activities had been curbed somewhat by the war, but an editorial titled, "Will We Win The War This Way?" started out by discussing the Chinese labor question and the International Workers of the World and then had this to say: "For a week the Government listened to a great deal of chatter from the ladies about giving up champagne and jewelry as their part of the sacrifice, but nothing was done about the manual labor."

But as a wise man once said, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," and Wilson's Bachelors were advertised at 3 for 25c in those days. You could also buy a genuine Borsalino hat for $6.00, a Ford runabout for $575, or set yourself up as a miller, with a Fairbanks-Morse "Marvel Mill" for around $3,000.

Lady Duff Gordon gave a testimonial to the My Valet Cleaners, Chase and Sandborn advertised Seal Brand Coffee, and Jaeger concentrated on selling its line of double-barrelled men's long underwear. Anybody suffering from either mange or falling hair could stop that nonsense with Glover's Mange Medicine, and you could cut a pane of glass with the pointed toes of the women's buttoned shoes then being advertised. In those days it wasn't only in the dime novels that love was cheap; you could buy a genuine diamond ring for $10, a case of O'Keefe's or Cosgrave's beer for a quarter of that, and a room with a bath in a good Montreal or Toronto hotel for a two-dollar bill. Also such "modern" innovations as prefabricated garages and sapphire-tipped phonograph needles.

The sailor in the Wrigley's gum advertisement wore only two stripes on his collar—a fact guaranteed to make Lord Nelson take a few turns around the windlass—and the close-to-shore sailor could buy an Uncle Sam inboard motor boat, complete with motor, 16½' long x 4' 1" beam, for $245. Automobile tires were just that in the Marathon Tire ad, but they were "tyres" in the Firestone display. A young woman who looked like a future mother-in-law or a barmaid modelled Goddess corsets. Several banks that have since gone where ex-banks go ran optimistic advertisements; among them being The Bank of Hamilton, The Merchant's Bank, Union Bank, Bank of Ottawa, and Standard Bank.

The Financial Section ran a long exposé on that perennial financial topic, Price Fixing, under the head, "A Consideration of the Price Fixing System", and Gold & Dross told F.H. of Barrie, Ont. that the newfangled income tax wouldn't be applied against his inventory or gross receipts. The Gold & Dross Editor also batted 1000 when he advised a questioner that he saw no likelihood of an increase in Home Bank stocks. M.S. in Campbellford, Ont. asked about the Oak Tire and Rubber Co., in which he owned 100 shares of stock, and Gold & Dross said, "The tires may pay you dividends. I cannot see that profits of the company will."

Under "Look Out For Crossings", SATURDAY NIGHT said, "Stalling the engine on the tracks with the train approaching at high speed is a ticklish experience, to say the least. There is no time to start the engine, so the operator . . . quickly shifts into low speed and presses the starter pedal. The car moves forward slowly, but it moves!"

But not as fast as we would on foot if we'd ever been stalled on the tracks in a 1918 car!

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GREAT NEW KITCHEN IDEA!

the Decorator Refrigerator

by International Harvester

Revolutionary new idea enables you to make your refrigerator a feature of your kitchen decoration. Match it with your curtains—blend it with your color scheme. Use any pattern—any color fabric you choose. And you can change it as often as you change your mind!

Takes just 7 minutes—

and 1¾ yards of fabric—to give your kitchen an "all new" look. For a change of pace, you can leave the fabric off and still have the most beautiful refrigerator you can buy; with handy foot-pedal door control and a handsome plastic push-plate.

Here's the inside story—

It takes 7 different "climates"—from 6° to 55°—to keep all foods in prime condition. You get all 7 of these essential areas of cold (all working at once) in the new IH Decorator Refrigerators—plus Push-button automatic defrosting and many other exciting features for '53. See the newest of the new—now—at your IH dealer's. You'll find his name in the yellow pages of your phone book.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

International Harvester Refrigerators Available for 60 Cycle Areas Only

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International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario . . . International Harvester also builds Home Freezers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . International Trucks . . . "Big Red" Crawler Tractors

DAY AND NIGHT, in fair weather and foul, the husky linesman successfully maintains the vital services of light, power, and telephone communication so necessary to today's living.

. . . a significant contribution made by Dow to these essential industries is the clean wood preservative, "PENTA". Wood poles and crossarms treated with clean PENTA solutions not only resist termites and decay, but are extremely popular with linesmen who find them easy to work with. PENTA's ability to double and even triple the life of wood products makes it of inestimable value to other large users of wood, including the railroads.*

*Popular abbreviation for the chemical, pentachlorophenol

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DOW CANADA

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